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The BYSTANDER

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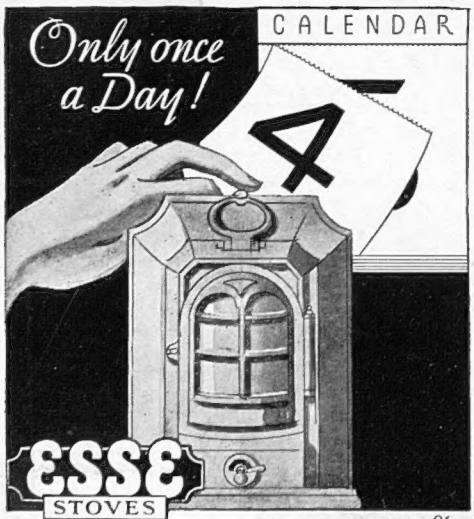

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The Bystander, November 1, 1933

No. 1559. Vol. CXX.

The BYSTANDER

Mr. Kenneth Wagg, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Wagg, and Miss Katherine Horlick, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. James Horlick's elder daughter, were married last Thursday at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Miss Horlick wore a severely-cut ivory ring-velvet dress, with a golden girdle and wreath. In the group below are her five bridesmaids, Miss Rosemary Streatfeild, Miss Elizabeth Darrell, the Hon. Sheila Berry, Miss Priscilla Weigall, and Miss Ursula Horlick, the bride's sister. They had dresses of flesh-pink ciré lace, with deeper pink sashes and wreaths. Pictures of the reception at Sunderland House appear on a later page

Mr. Kenneth Wagg and Miss Katherine Horlick Get Married

• WHAT'S • ADO • ABOUT

"The Bystander's" Potted Social Diary

Mr. R. L. O. Marshall-Waddington and Miss Elspeth Grant, the second daughter of the late Sir Arthur Grant, of Monymusk, and Lady Grant, leaving the Old Episcopal Chapel, Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, after their wedding

Photographs

Some "Young and Lovelies" Get Busy for Charity

The Countess of Jersey is the Chairman of the Georgian Ball Committee; Lady Anne Rhys, who is with her, is the Vice-Chairman. They are both charity-ball experts, having been at the job, from junior committee to chairmanship, since they came out

The Hon. Mrs. Michael Morris, Lady Palmer and Lady brides, having tea at Osterley Park, the Jerseys' place last week's Georgian Ball Committee meeting was held Jean Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, Lady Palmer is and Lady Child's husband is Sir John Child, who is

A First Night—

THE première of **"The Private Life of Henry VIII."** attracted all "the mob." Added to the usual galaxy of stars we had Michael Arlen, just over on a visit from the Riviera. Please, Mr. Arlen, take it into your very clever head that so many would like to hear your views upon Mayfair, 1933. The change, since you last so admirably described that so pawkily circumscribed little community, is enormous. Charles Laughton looked very pleased with his "wives," sitting with them in the Circle. As Henry VIII. he has done as much for British films as that late monarch did to encourage the monogamous instinct in succeeding generations.

—And After

A concerted rush to **Ciro's**, just round the corner, showed us the Maharajah of Rajpipla giving a party to celebrate the success of Windsor Lad, which he hopes will win the Derby. He departed for India on Saturday, with his attendant train. Lord Westmorland looked rather harassed, as though, in his capacity as one of the directors, he had been assisting to put up the artificial oranges which have proved the latest magnet to the Club. Miss June Child has had at last to break silence about her engagement to Mr. Ralph Hanké: Lord Ratendone had not by then been attacked with an 18-inch knife, and looked quite happy. The portly Viscount, alias Lord Castlerosse, whose brilliant career as a columnist is ever enhanced by calumnies from his contemporaries, escorted his lovely Viscountess. Mr. Howard Hughes, the young American film-producer, who has to "pig it" on a mere (circa) 15,000 dollars a day, was "standing" a large party.

Music

Previously in the evening had been rather shocked to find that at the **Queen's Hall** our great music-loving British public had not the sense to realise that Hofmann was playing. So much fuss is made these days over third- and fourth-rate performers, that one would have thought a world champion pianist was worth more than a half-empty hall. We rarely appreciate genius until it is too late, when the age of the performer will then call forth our sympathetic applause.

One of the best concerts of the year was given at the Hyde Park Hotel by the **London Lieder Club,** at which Tauber sang with a brilliance hitherto unheard in London. Many Ambassadors present, including Baron Frankenstein and Señor Regis de Oliveira. These concerts will take place every Sunday, and attract the best musically-minded ones.

How to Know Where to Look

Major Jack Paget, who entertains so delightfully at Ibstock Place, Roehampton, has lately been viewing the experiments of an Alsatian—peasant, not dog. This man is a **diviner** of water, gold, silver, coal, or oil, and carries about a rod for the purpose. It has been suggested to him to go to the Mayfair or the Dorchester to locate "blondes."

Two of **"Les Girls,"** we hear, are anxious to see the route taken by the Mount Everest Expedition, as they are interested in "infra-red" photography. To do this, the best place to go is the State of Nepal, to which they fortunately have been invited; the young Prince, whom they met during their stay, has just left for the State.

Racing

The great sporting event of last week was the **Cambridgeshire.** It has by now been firmly established that Raymond won the race, and that Ole King Sole was *nowhere.* In spite of this calamity, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Eliot are still in residence in Portland Place, and Punch's has lost no members. It was a nasty, cold day at Newmarket, with a wind which encountered little opposition between Iceland and the Rowley Mile Stand; the Royal visitors were very wise not to leave the Royal Box during the day.

As usual, was able to admire many of the dresses. Mrs. Alan Swinton looked charming in a short coat of brown pony-skin (*how appropriate for racing, my dear!*). Lady Willoughby de Broke had a nice bottle-green coat, collared with lynx. Who collared the lynx, in the first place? Lady Anne Rhys had a nigger-brown and beige check coat and skirt, assisted by a piece of clipped lamb; Lady Edward Hay wore a white mackintosh; Major "Vandy" Beatty wore his bowler-hat and pink carnation.

The Play

There has not been much new in the theatrical world, except **"The Tudor Wench,"** at the Embassy Theatre, showing us Good Queen Bess making a pet of a page boy.

Crazy Month still continues at the Palladium. "The Gang" were very pleased to see Nellie Wallace in the audience one night. Lord Milford Haven and Sir Harold Wernher were there, too, the latter

• TOWN of the Week

Above : the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, Viscount Hambleden and Lady Violet Astor at the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution Dinner at the Connaught Rooms

Below : Lady Milbanke, Mr. Michael Arlen, and the Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness photographed after they had been to the first night of "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

Swaebe

a Georgian Ball Committee Meeting at Osterley Park

Child, three of this year's just outside London, where Mrs. Morris was Miss Sir Geoffrey Palmer's wife, in the Coldstream Guards

Another trio of Georgian Ball helpers are Miss Primrose Salt, Miss Kitty Gray, and Miss Beryl Masland. The Ball is being held on November 7th, its "feature" being a procession of Georgian beauties; it is in aid of Naval and Training Ships' Leave Camps and Homes

taking hints how to cheer up a show—for he has many theatres. Much admire Billy Caryll for the work he puts in, also manager Parry and his shiny top-hat.

Highbrows flocked to the **Alhambra** to see Brahms in a ballet, *Choreartium*, arranged by Massine. He had also arranged *Présages*, by Tchaikowsky. The only pity is that Brahms and Tchaikowsky are not alive to dance a pas de deux to Massine's arrangement.

Wild Flowers

The South African Wild Flower Exhibition, at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, attracted the quieter-minded ones. Everything was very decorous, yet decorative; the last adjective applies more to the exhibits than the spectators. Was pleased to spy out a Hoodiopsis Triebueri, because this is a rare plant, and grows very sparsely in Great Namaqualand, which I am not likely to visit for the moment.

Princess Alice opened the Show at 12 noon, much too early in the morning for most Mayfairers.

Book of the Week

Oliver Baldwin has written a book which should appeal to Mayfairers. It is called **"Unborn Son,"** and some of the precepts as laid down are intensely in sympathy with the progressive trend of the modern generation. Without discussing these phases, let us quote a few lines, which would simplify the problems of so many: "The State of Nepal is full of interesting customs, one of which concerns the simplest method of divorce in the world. When a woman has had enough of her husband, all she has to do is to place a betel-nut under his pillow, and leave the house."

Also: "The reason women have come to consider themselves the superior sex is because they believe the stuff written about them by sentimental, elderly newspapermen with a strange habit of thinking highly of women the moment they get away from their wives."

Oliver Baldwin has now no beard, smokes a pipe, and is in no sense ferocious. Those who meet him like him: like many clever men, he has to suffer the dislikes of the ignorant.

MR. PEEPS

Three First-Nighters

Sasha

Right : the Maharajah of Rajpipla celebrating Windsor Lad's win on the first day of the Newmarket Meeting last week. With him are Mr. Lindquist, Miss "Tiny" Dennistoun Sword, Mr. John Hopwood, Mrs. Allen Ramsay, Mrs. Lindquist, Miss Sheila Roche, and Mr. Roland Blane

• PERSONALITIES

By "Peter Pepper"

• **PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT,** who is in Scotland, is a shy person. She has an extraordinarily charming smile and a very sympathetic nature. She has simple tastes, and a gentle, low-pitched voice, sometimes hesitating in speech. She is not a fluent speaker from a platform, but her sincerity is convincing and compels attention. She is fond of bright colours, coral-red being a particular favourite. She has a Royal memory and never forgets an acquaintance. She is fond of dancing, music, and the theatre. She has fair hair and a fair complexion; a house in Belgrave Square, the Christian name of Mary, and a popular husband.

• **ZENA DARE,** who played in the 150th performance of *Proscenium* last week is, in private life, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett. She and her sister, Phyllis, have made stage history, and to-day have enthusiastic fans all over the country. Tall, thin, with a dazzling smile and an original, drawling and very attractive voice, Zena is the darling of "the gods" and of her multitudinous friends. She is a devoted and efficient mother, an excellent wife, and a social success. She is a most honest and straightforward person, without any form of snobbery. She and Gladys Cooper have exactly the same form of hairdressing. She has capable hands, a clever husband, an engaged daughter, other children, and a sweet character.

• **THE EARL OF COVENTRY,** who has just arrived in London from Worcestershire, is M.F.H. of the Croome Hounds. He is aged thirty-two, thin, with a long red moustache. He is a grandson of the famous Earl "Covey," and has inherited many valuable and historical pictures at Croome Court. He has an engaging manner and is extremely popular with his tenants. He married the eldest daughter of Lord Kylsant and has three daughters, so his brother John is at present heir to the Earldom. Lord Coventry is the tenth Earl, and has a very large number of relations. His mother, an American, was Virginia Lee Daniels, and is a Dame of Grace St. John of Jerusalem. He has a good seat on a horse, two married sisters, a great love of the country, and many responsibilities.

• **MRS EDWARD BARON,** who is a Vice-Chairman of the Edwardian Party in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, was hostess to the Prince of Wales at Biarritz this summer. She is very small, dark, and vivaciously attractive. She is sensitive, rather temperamental, and a happy little person. She looks absurdly young and has a flapper daughter; her husband is a brilliantly clever director of Carreras Limited. She has a wonderful collection of modern jewellery, her ruby, turquoise, pearl, and diamond sets being the envy of many women. She has a comfortable and luxurious country home and a house in Bryanston Square. Her grandfather, Bernard Baron, popularised the cigarette. She has two daughters, some fine portraits by Munnings, lovely clothes, a gay laugh, and an ever-widening circle of friends and acquaintances.

Princess Arthur of Connaught
Is a shy person

Zena Dare
She is the darling of the gods

The Earl of Coventry
M.F.H. of the Croome Hounds

Mrs. Edward Baron
Looks absurdly young

Mrs. James Horlick held the reception after her daughter's wedding to Mr. Kenneth Wagg last week, at Sunderland House. The wedding cake, at which Miss Katherine Horlick is taking a last look in (1), was made by Mrs. Horlick's own chef. Among the guests were (2) Miss Lisa Maugham, Lady Pamela Smith, and Mr. Gerard d'Erlanger; (3) the Hon. Eileen Brougham and Lady Joan Colville; (4) Lord Poulett, Miss Angela Brett, and Miss Nan McGowan; (5) Lady Marguerite Bligh, Lord Darnley's daughter; (6) Miss Pamela Nicholl, Mr. Hamar Bagnall, Mrs. John Mason, and Captain Govett; and (7) Harry Roy, Mr. Daniel Dixon, and Lady Diana Dixon, who were married last August, and Lady Grenfell

Wedding of the Week

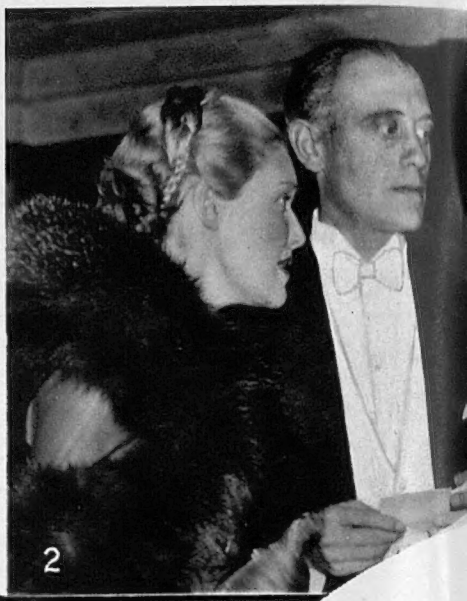
The Wagg—Horlick Reception

1. *Mr. Charlot, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, and Dr. [redacted]. Gayer*

2. *Madeleine Carroll was one of the many stars there; she is with her husband, Mr. Philip Astley, and Mr. Stephen Watts*

5. *Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Charles Laughton) and Merle Oberon, two of the Queens, with Charles Laughton; at the back is Alexander Korda, the producer, with a cigar*

6. *In the foyer, which fairly glittered with celebrities, are Lord and Lady Brecknock, Mrs. Archie Campbell, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, Lord Castlerosse, Noel Coward, Douglas Fairbanks jr., Lady Castlerosse, and Douglas Fairbanks senior*



"A Noble Company! What Are Their Pleasures?"

The Twentieth Century takes a look at the Sixteenth: The First Night of "The Private Life of Henry VIII"

3. "Bunny" Austin, allowing himself a late night after the Covered Courts Championship, was with his attractive wife, Phyllis Konstam

4. The Brazilian Ambassador and his wife, Mme. de Oliveira, are regular first-nighters and concert-goers

10. Mrs. Redmond McGrath, Mr. Ralph Glover, and Miss Pamela Kingsmill laugh at one of those jokes that the photographer likes to catch with his flashlight

7. Two of the celebrities pose for an unconscious "close-up": Lady Castlerosse looks one way while Noel Coward looks the other

8. Sir Gerald du Maurier, Lady du Maurier, and Ursula Jeans making their way towards their seats

9. So far, the stage and screen have been in the majority, but here are the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Warwick to put the balance even again

11. Henry VIII. had a good selection of attractive women to look down on from the screen; Mrs. Fleitman and Mrs. Booker were two of them

12. Lord and Lady Portarlington attended the first night at the Leicester Square Theatre together

13. Major Ivan Dawson escorted Elinor Glyn, whose ermines were in the grand first-night tradition which film premières have achieved only in the last year or so

A Racing Reverie

Cambridgeshire Blues : By "Regular"

Lord Belper, Captain and Mrs. Noel Newton, and Miss Davies Scourfield at Nottingham for the first day of the October Steeplechase Meeting

WHEN you know that a winner has been backed for pounds, shillings, and pence, it is usually safe to assume that the owner has had a nice touch. This was not the case, however, when Seminole won the Cesarewitch, and Captain Boyd-Rochfort has asked me to tell my readers that Mr. Joe Widener did not have a penny on him.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE DAY was singularly unpleasant. The rain poured and the wind blew, and one cast envious glances at Lady Dorothy Ashley Cooper's "lovely bit of tiger." Practically every horse in the race seemed to be fancied, though everybody seemed to have saved their money on Limelight, to avoid that dreadful feeling when you have to cheer, despite the fact you 've done in a bundle.

No two people seemed to think alike. Lord Milton told me he 'd never have to worry again if Ole King Sole won ; Lord Blandford had, of course, supported the Dad's horse, Andrea ; while Lady Sibell Lygon, who had very sportingly given up a day's jumping in order to be present, backed The Font.

THE greatest excitement of the day occurred when a middle-aged owner took his hat off and we discovered that he 'd dyed his hair golden, presumably to match his girl-friend. A tall lady of title dropped her Kummel when she saw it ; a peer swore he 'd never touch another drop ; and a bookmaker laid two points over the odds—it was a very big moment.

SIR ABE BAILEY has been a great supporter of the Turf for many years, and rumour has it that one of his horses once galloped a thousand miles in his preparation for the Cesarewitch. While we should have preferred it if one of the horses we'd backed had won the Cambridgeshire, we were, nevertheless, very pleased to see Sir Abe win this great race.

RAYMOND had won his race a long way from home, and though Peacock s pair, Denbigh and Stalky, who had been in a train smash the day before, did all they could to peg him back, they never looked like doing so.

LIMELIGHT may have been a trifle unlucky, but under no circumstances would he have beaten the winner. I did not meet many people who backed the winner, and, quite frankly, I thought he was the sort who liked matters all his own way, and on the night before the race I succeeded in dissuading an impecunious friend from having a fiver on him.

RACING on the first day was very good fun, despite the fact that we have reached that period of the season when a horse has only to start at a short price to finish well out of sight, and Old Burlington Street is paved with gold.

OF course, anyone who bets at all so late in the year ought to be locked up, but if everyone was locked up who ought to be there wouldn't be enough keepers to go round. And downstairs, in the "night-club 'neath the stands," lunatics raised glasses sadly, exclaiming : "I needed that—I 've done in a packet."

No one, however, took their losses very seriously, as one and all thought that they could certainly get out on Hill Cat. Mr. Rimington Wilson, however, warned us that he had "a leg," but we didn't let a little thing like that worry us, thinking that three would be quite sufficient to carry him to victory against such a moderate opposition.

I AM now inclined to believe that when Mr. Rimington Wilson said he had "a leg," he meant that he only had one good one, as Hill Cat's action during the concluding stages suggested that he was hopping, and in a great finish, Gordon Richards, riding with the desperation of a man who had not tasted the fruits of victory since the previous Saturday, forced Coronado up to beat Gavelkind by a head.

I WAS delighted to see the Maharajah of Rajpipla win the Criterion Stakes with a terribly nice Blandford colt called Windsor Lad. In the first place, "Pip" is a rare good sportsman, and, incidentally, one of the best losers I know ; secondly, I had a trifle on him at 100 to 8 ; and thirdly, the Clicquot provided by the winning owner went down a treat—which is more than I can say for several horses I backed during the week.

BEFORE these lines appear in print, "Pip" will have sailed for his native India, and there will be empty chairs and glasses at the Dorchester. Before I leave the subject of Windsor Lad, I must congratulate Marcus Marsh and Fred Lane on the admirable way they did their job of work. It seems a very long time since Lane rode a winner at Newmarket, and fears were entertained that he might have forgotten where the winning enclosure was. However, Gordon Richards, who goes there quite a lot, kindly pointed it out to him.

EVERYBODY who loves a good, honest horse would have been delighted if dear old Burnside, who is about the same age as some of the apprentices who rode in the first race, had won the Rutland Handicap. As it was, he ran his usual gallant race but was beaten a neck by Bloater, who is not a third of his age.

SIR WALTER GILBEY loves Burnside a lot better than a lot of people do their children. I honestly believe that if he had won his last race at Newmarket it would have been the happiest moment of Sir Walter's life. How I wish that Burnside's neck had been a little longer, and Bloater's a little bit shorter !

THE Jockey Club would appear to have been so busy giving Smirke back his licence (their motto being "Better late than never") that they have forgotten that summer is long past, and that we 're within a month of the shortest day.

AFTER five losers, and after each one a little something to give one courage to go on, many people find it difficult enough to see the last race, even on the brightest days, but at four o'clock at the end of October "you can't see your hand in front of your face"—though I must admit I didn't see anyone trying to.

Two more photographs from the Nottingham October Meeting : at the top are Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Hobbs, and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall walking round together, and below, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Ley, and Miss Ley in the paddock

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 22

Somerset Maugham

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

At heart Somerset Maugham, known to his friends as "Willie," is a vivisectionist. I don't suggest for a moment that he would necessarily approve of carving up live animals. But he certainly has taken advantage of his early training to depict life in the raw. As he says himself, no wonder so many medical men have become writers, when they have been trained in an environment where nobody wears a mask, except the surgeon and the operating sister. At St. Thomas's he brought sixty-three children into the world. Being a cynic, he does not know whether to be glad or sorry. This peculiar knowledge was expressed in his novel *Mrs. Craddock*, which was refused by eighteen publishers because of the child-birth scene in it. Times have changed, haven't they? But we are getting ahead too fast. Willie Maugham was born in Paris in 1874, and was extensively educated at King's School, Canterbury, Heidelberg, and St. Thomas's. As a medical student he wrote *Liza of Lambeth*, which sold thousands of copies, but netted him exactly twenty pounds, thanks to the contract drawn up by a benign-looking, white-headed publisher.

Whereat this prospective surgeon of words departed to Spain to write for a living, despite his M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. For the next ten years he earned an average of a hundred a year. Yes, he had a tough time and can never forget it.

Then came the night at the Court Theatre which was the turning-point of his career—the début of *Lady Frederick*. It had been put on as a stop-gap. Maugham had not a bob with which to bless himself as he sat there, knowing that he would have to go back to the hated profession of medicine unless a miracle happened. Well, the miracle happened. There was a scene in which Ethel Irving came forward and made up in public. That drew the town, even to the Court Theatre, for eighteen months.

It must have been about this time that Gerald Kelly painted him in his new top-hat. Mrs. Maugham, the daughter of the famous Dr. Barnardo, did not like it, and it was returned to the painter. Since then the Chantrey Bequest people bought it for £500. As Kelly had generously given the picture in the first instance to the sitter, the latter feels that he is that much out of pocket.

It is curious that play-writing, even though it made him, has never attracted Maugham. His threat never to write another after the present success at Wyndham's is not an idle one. He is never going to write another play. He says it with his jaw sticking out; and when his jaw sticks out, the author of *Our Betters*, *The Circle*, and *East of Suez* means it. It is final. Yes, that stammer of his is most deceptive as he twiddles his eye-glass on the end of its black ribbon. To-day Maugham is our foremost dramatist, one of our best novelists, and the greatest short-story writer alive. The best critics will tell you, moreover, that he is better than O. Henry ever was. The author of *The Painted Veil*, of *Human Bondage*, and *The Circle* certainly knows his stuff. He gets his local colour first-hand in Guatemala, or wherever it may be. He is as mordant as a tooth-ache; never writes more than fifteen hundred words a day (all before luncheon); frequents the Savoy Grill (more life in the raw); wears a soft black hat; and is about five-foot seven.

Second Thoughts

Left: even in Ruritania everyone wants to see "The Bystander" first. Trouble between Princess Katherine (Jeanne Aubert) and the pseudo-Prince Alexis (Dennis King)

"Command Performance" (Saville)

THIS musical comedy begins with a rehearsal of a musical comedy and switches quickly into Anthony Hope's best-seller. "Has anyone got a copy of *Rupert of Hentzau?*" asks the leading man casually, and one can take this acknowledgment as an act of grace or a pretty piece of nerve, according to how you feel about the whole affair. The idea is that the actor who is rehearsing his balcony scene to music, pretending to be a Prince wooing a Princess, should repeat the performance in earnest. He gets into a fracas with the local Crown Prince (a flabby young man who wears a velvet coat with flannel trousers), and has to choose between mouldering in the salt-mines or going to Vassau to woo a Princess with an ugly record in rejected suitors. The Princess, you 'll understand, has never seen the real Crown Prince and, anyway, he and the actor are so much alike that . . .

It was round about here that I got caught up in a bit of whimsy. Is there, I wondered, a happy hereafter for thoughtful playgoers? Supposing one passed away in the middle of one of those long, patient evenings spent in Ruritania, how would one be quite sure one wasn't still in Shaftesbury Avenue? From a great distance I seemed to hear the voice of Dennis King coming across the Elysian stalls: "To the devil with Hentzau and all ritzy Princesses. Send me to the salt-mines."

Once get the hero into uniform and the throne-room, and the rules of the game proceed immemorially. Mr. King knows them all by heart—the heel-

"Command Performance" at the Saville

Right: a really royal black eye. Queen Elinor (Helen Haye) opens the day badly when she sees her son's (Martin Walker) optic: Count Vellenberg, the Chancellor (J. H. Roberts) is not so displeased

on First Nights: Sketches by Rouson

clicking, the rough-stuff, the top-note with a throb, the kiss playful and the embrace profound. Never, I thought, was heroine more and truly kissed by hero than Mlle. Jeanne Aubert—a procedure which pulchritude and all good Ruritanians present endorsed as O.K. Mlle. Aubert is a tall and striking blonde with style, allure, and a voice. And she is not the only actress present. Kate Cutler and Helen Haye do royally by the two Queens, while Lawrence Grossmith, laconically bickering with his spouse, J. H. Roberts as a suave and crafty Chancellor, and Martin Walker in no sort of part as the Prince who ran away, skilfully encompass their total or partial eclipse. The music is post-Hentzau, but (to me) no less of an old friend.

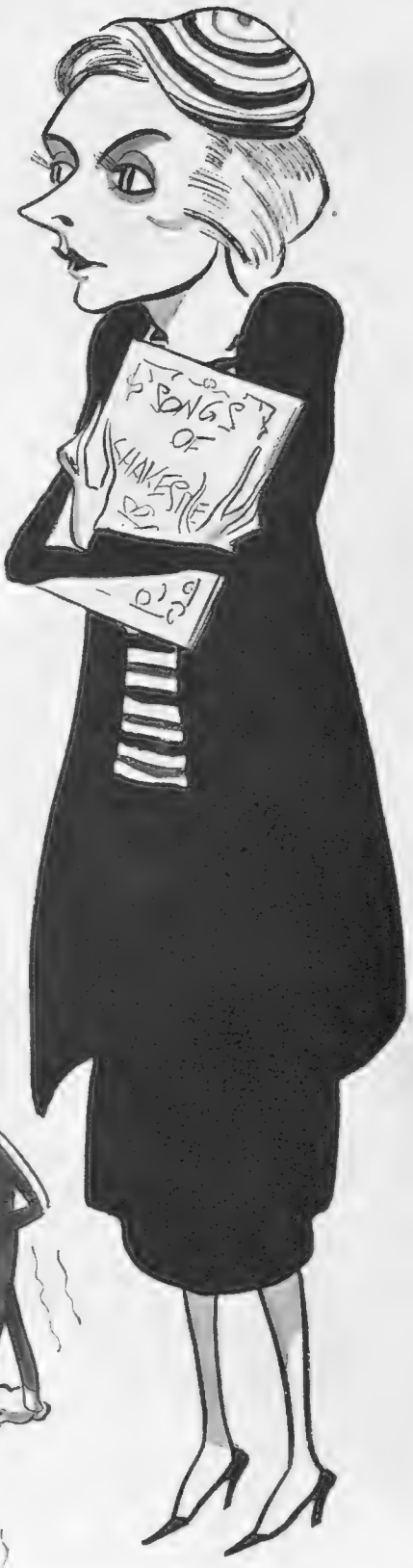
"The Wind and the Rain" (St. Martin's)

"WRITE about what you know" is sound practice for budding dramatists. Dr. Merton Hodge knows about medical students at a Scottish University and their happy-go-lucky life in digs. You can play golf and hope for the best, or you can work hard and think of mother and the girl she 's chosen for you, or you can just drink beer and make whoopee with the local cuties. These flannel-bagged young men talk and laugh, crack jokes with the landlady, and succeed in being excellent company.

Love comes on the scene in the shape of a very charming boy-and-girl romance between the mother-bound young man from London (Robert Harris) and the wide-eyed sculptress from New Zealand (Celia Johnson), and altogether one spends a very pleasant, sentimental evening among the sallies, the kisses, the beer-bottles, and the nearly, but not quite, broken hearts.

The best sallies fall to the lot of the slacker of the party, and here it is safe to prophesy good times for Mackenzie Ward. This actor strikes a line somewhere between Reginald Gardner and David Hutcheson in *Strange Orchestra*, and, as a good comedian should, thoroughly deserves the author's best lines. The lovers are a thought too self-sacrificing, if you come to think about it, but Mr. Harris is so nice and Miss Johnson so emotionally keyed-up and enchanting that only a cast-iron cynic would grudge them their idyll. Judy Gunn is excellent in her cups as the girl who would have supplanted the sculptress had not mother been killed off in the nick of time, and Margaret Moffat, Ivan Brandt, and George de Warfaz step nicely into the picture. Auriol Lee has staged with her usual intimacy a local anæsthetic which has the virtue of a new locale and enough promise and beguilement to make you overlook its little weaknesses.

TRINCULO.



The woman always pays! Celia Johnson as a little girl who nearly paid, but not quite

Left: just a glimpse of three students waiting to hear the results of their exams., and not, as might be supposed, a corner of a dentist's waiting-room. Gilbert Raymond (Mackenzie Ward), Charles Trittan (Robert Harris), and John Williams (Ivan Brandt)

"The Wind and the Rain," at the St. Martin's

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

Colonel Leonard Messel

EVERYONE talks of the success of this year's Motor Show as being a sign of the times; the number of members walking round Olympia in the evenings was certainly a sign that the past year in the House hasn't been too bad a one. Not only were the younger car-minded generation there—they always are—but this year senior partners could be seen, with an obviously "buying" look in their eyes. We amused ourselves by basing a forecast of the type of car they'd be getting, from local knowledge of the business they've been handling. Unfortunately, the laws of libel, or something of the sort, prevent our publishing our forecast. Out Hampstead way, Robert Owen was seen having a trial run in one of the much-discussed new Bentleys; he has been a Bentley owner before. And we can't talk of motor shows without talking of Wilfred Barron, who has bought more cars at more shows than most members. We haven't heard yet whether this is a Rolls year or a Daimler year for him.

W. A. MORGAN, who features in our picture-gallery this week, is humorously supposed to be descended from the famous buccaneer, Sir Henry Morgan. Anyway, he has a passion for the sea; he served his time in a windjammer, and there acquired a wide knowledge of sea-shanties, as well as a strange and wonderful variety of "sea-lugs." He has, in his time, added considerably to the literature of the House. Before the Boer War he compiled and edited *The House in Sport*; this was followed by a book of negative maxims, which was received with relish by those whose idiosyncrasies were not revealed within its covers. Then there was the *House Annual*: this was published for many years, until pressure of business compelled its Editor to retire. Last, but by no means least, he founded the Hush-Hush Fund; with a name like that, its objects can't possibly be revealed here. Mr. Morgan is now a leading dealer in greyhound-racing shares; he is also within four years of becoming a father of the House. Clubs: Thames; sports—a moustache; arms: one long and one short.

FRANK GIELGUD is another member who is approaching his half-century of membership; he has still five years to go. He has always been a great traveller, and this summer has been on a Mediterranean cruise. He is the father of John Gielgud, the actor, and Val, who is on the dramatic side of the B.B.C. He married a cousin of Ellen Terry's, so probably that's where the stage talent comes from. Mr. Gielgud is himself a brilliant pianist; he also has a keen sense of humour.

W. A. Morgan

THE head of the firm in which Frank Gielgud is a partner is Colonel Leonard Messel, whose son, Oliver, has also made a name for himself in the theatrical world, but as an artist and designer. Colonel Messel has a lovely place, Nymans, near Handcross, which was written up not long ago in *Country Life*. The house is modern, but in period style; the inside is as perfect as the outside, and the garden matches the rest. It is famous for its hybrid shrubs and rhododendrons, Colonel Messel being an expert in the growing of such things, as well as having a Scots gardener to keep him up to the mark, as all gardeners from Scotland will. Among other things, he is a fisherman, and goes up to Deeside for the spring and autumn salmon-fishing. He is a keen Territorial, too, and during the war commanded a battalion of the Buffs.

ROGER BRAND, the third of Jonk's subjects for the week, fought through the Boer War and the Great War, in the Rifle Brigade, ending up as an Honorary Brigadier-General, and with a C.M.G., D.S.O. and Bar, and the Legion of Honour. He became a member of the House in 1921. He is occasionally called "'Orrible Roger," than which a more beautifully unsuitable name could hardly be found, as he is one of the most cheerful, delightful and popular of men. Legend has it that the nickname originated in the malapropism of a waiter when announcing him. He usually wears a bow tie, but his type of neckwear has no likeness, except in name, to the Mad Hatter check one, about six inches deep, that appeared round the throat of a certain member a week or two ago. Roger Brand is a brother of Robert Brand, who is one of the leading experts on finance in general, and currency questions in particular.

A COMPETITOR in the Worplesdon Foursomes the other day was Peter (A. W.) Pim; he and his partner got through two rounds before they met Joyce Wethered and Bernard Darwin, and were then defeated by only 2 and 1. Peter Pim's putting seems to have given his opponents some bad moments. He is in his father's firm; they are brokers and Irishmen, and do a lot of Irish business. Mr. Pim senior has a wonderful brogue, and all the charm and wit of a typical Irishman.

P.S.—*The Nelson Touch* starts to-day at the Scala Theatre. Owing to previous bookings of the theatre, the dress-rehearsal also has to be got through to-day, so that, in spite of its being a Stock Exchange holiday, the company will be working from after breakfast till midnight. More about the show, we hope, at a later (probably much later) date.

The Hon. Roger Brand

THE SAMPLER

From the oil painting by L. Campbell Taylor, R.A., now in the collection of Lady Lever, Port Sunlight. A fascimile of the original painting is being issued by the well-known Art Publishers, Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd., of 10 Clare St., Bristol

BY MARGARET BRADLEY

Autumn Calling . . . .

English Autumn

Horses and Guns Make Busy Days

Swaebe

Above are Mr. Thomas Fermor-Hesketh and his sisters, Miss Louise and Miss Flora Fermor-Hesketh, and Mr. Henry Coke, who appeared together at the autumn steeplechase meeting at Towcester, Northants.

More spectators at Easton Neston Park, where the Towcester meeting was held: on the left are Viscount Somerton and his sister, Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas, and immediately above are Sir Richard and Lady Cruise, watching a race

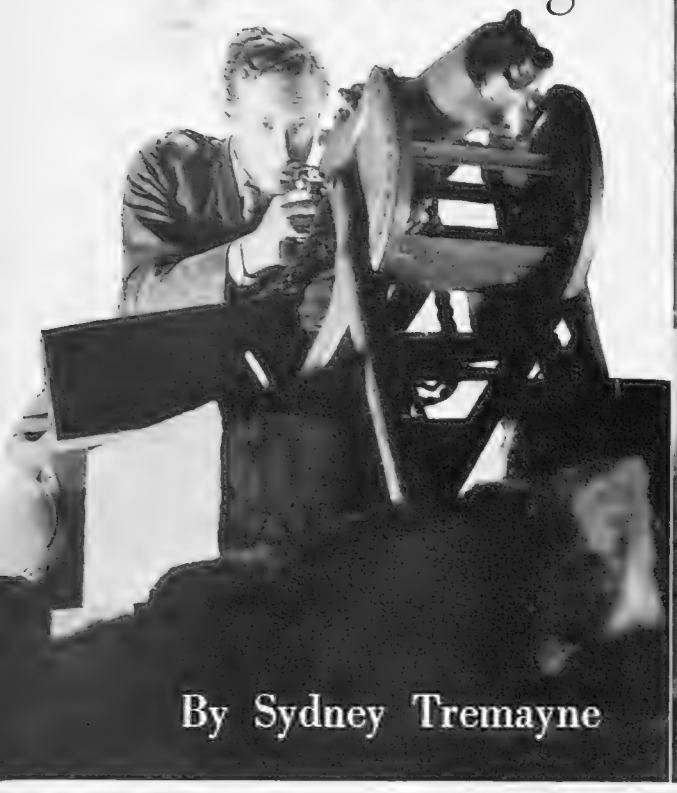
Below, left: Miss V. Swetenham and Miss B. A. Hamilton taking the pre-season hunting people's apéritif and watching hunter trials; these were at Oxney Farm, Bordon

Above, right: Lady Priscilla Willoughby, the Earl of Ancaster's younger daughter, acting as one of the official guns at the Eastern Counties Spaniel Society's trials at Fring, in Norfolk. She is a quietly good performer at most outdoor things

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Eion Merry, another hunting and racing couple, wrote "Towcester" in their Badminton date-books

Left: Lord and Lady Cromwell, over from Misterton Hall, near Rugby, and Captain Guy Lucas, who "lives horses," were three locals at Towcester Races

The Passing Picture Show



By Sydney Tremayne

Leslie Howard Makes Some Big Gestures in "Captured"

Here are two of the more important moments in "Captured," the German prison-camp film which was shown at the Regal last week. On the right, Captain Allison (Leslie Howard) decides that he will give up his wife to her lover and his great friend, Jack Digby (Douglas Fairbanks junior), and on the left, the gallant Captain holds the whole guard of the prison camp at bay with a machine-gun while the prisoners, en masse, stream out of the prison-gates to a convenient aeroplane base near by, and so home to England. Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks by their acting make the film eminently "see-able" and, except at its wildest, almost credible

"Channel Crossing"

In fairness it must be recorded that at the trade show of *Channel Crossing* someone audibly admired the realism. But this was confined to details of embarkation and the excellent sets of the Channel steamer. Matheson Lang impersonates one of those international financiers—suavity, charm, forged bonds and all. He has a secretary (Constance Cummings), and she has a jealous fiancé (Anthony Bushell). That young man is adding acting ability to the physical attributes that have already won feminine admiration.

Jealous fiancé overhears suave financier make honourable overtures to charming secretary and damning references to forged bonds. Financier, confronted by fiancé, forgets suavity and pushes him overboard. This is the sort of realistic incident that regularly relieves the monotony of Channel crossings, as we all know. Rescued fiancé, very drowned, can only live if a "certain" drug is administered. Financier recovers suavity and produces said drug. . . . But even with such material, Matheson Lang acts and speaks so persuasively that the only explanation of Constance Cummings' preference for an extremely tiresome young man is that women, quite idiotically, will brave jealousy rather than beards.

"Captured"

This is a picture full of told and untold agony, with a German prison camp as a background to a story about two men who are friends; one the husband and one the lover of one of those madly loved, nebulous women who, in theory, change the course of men's lives and drive them to desperate acts, and, in fact, strike one as singularly unimportant. Margaret Lindsay, in exceptionally unbecoming clothes, has no opportunity to show whether she can act or not.

Leslie Howard is Captain Allison, the husband who, after two years' absence, still yearns for the girl he wooed and married during six days' leave. Among a fresh batch of prisoners is Digby, a lieutenant in the Air Force, and Allison's best friend, fresh from the arms of the errant wife. Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks junior, develop the tensity of the situation to its limits, and it says something for Fairbanks' acting that he is by no means eclipsed by Howard's characteristically sure and sympathetic performance.

Digby escapes in a German 'plane, but is returned to be tried for the murder of a peasant girl, near whose body his coat, containing a love-letter from Allison's wife, has been found. All this leads, via some "strong acting," to the firing-squad at dawn, the last-minute rescue and a tempestuous but ridiculous finale, when hundreds of prisoners, under cover of a machine-gun operated by Allison, bent on the "supreme sacrifice," break camp, capture the whole fleet of German 'planes and escape.

This unprecedented episode required that every other man should know how to fly!

"You Dare to Eat Pea-nuts

Lilian Harvey gets a real fierce look on her face, but of Lilian Harvey's new film with Fox, called "My

Stormy Weather in "Channel Crossing"

Matheson Lang as Van Eeden, a financier who is sailing near the wind, Constance Cummings as his devoted secretary, and Anthony Bushell as the secretary's fiancé, who gets himself pushed overboard, rescued and restored to life by a drug-injection, having words on s.s. Canterbury, the setting of "Channel Crossing," which is running at the Capitol

"Broadway Singer"

Lyda Roberti and Claudette Colbert in the latest "where is my child" film from Hollywood. Claudette Colbert has the famous Baby LeRoy as her opposite number for part of "Broadway Singer," and Ricardo Cortez for the rest of it; Lyda Roberti acts as foil as well as friend in the earlier scenes

While I'm Talking to You!"

Sid Silvers just goes on with his pea-nuts. This is part Weakness," in which Lew Ayres plays opposite her

"My Weakness"

MORE cheerful film-subjects include a fantastic affair called *My Weakness*, in which there are girls, music and song and the strangest dance medleys. Lilian Harvey is an interesting screen phenomenon: born in London, she reached stardom in Germany, and is now said to have lifted the depression in Hollywood. The lightness and lilt of her step and her small voice, a certain thistledown quality allied to spontaneous gaiety, ensure her success as a *soubrette*. But surely there must be *some* other part she could interpret besides that of the poor girl transported from flower-shops, cabarets or below-stairs to the hearths and hearts of Royal or rich lovers? In *My Weakness* it happens all over again, when Lilian is a little servant-girl converted into a "reel lady" by a young man, in the person of Lew Ayres.

"Broadway Singer"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is another indisputable "charmer." Whereas Lilian Harvey's allurements, even when most conscious, have an element of naïvete, Claudette Colbert has a sureness and elegance of technique which constitutes, one supposes, sophistication. In *Broadway Singer* her magnetism and her rendering of "torch" songs make one lenient to absurdities and sentimentality. This is a curious mixture of the unmarried-mother theme, and a "musical," loaded with satire at the expense of radio advertising. Ricardo Cortez and David Manners "support" the star, intermittently and alternatively.

Celebrities on the Set

George Raft and Jean Acker, Rudolph Valentino's first wife, in the Paramount Studios

Delirious Dialogues: No. 31. Charles Laughton and Gordon Richards

Depicted by Bovey

Richards: *No, Mr. Laughton, I can't see that we've much in common. For one thing, you carry too much weight to ride a horse.*

Laughton: *Yet I often mount Pegasus.*

Richards: *Never heard of him. What's he entered for?*

Laughton: *The Poetry Stakes, where his wings carry one to triumph.*

Richards: *Wings on a horse! I should think there'd be an objection.*

Laughton: *But he is never seen on the Turf; only on the boards.*

Richards: *Pretty hard going, isn't it?*

Laughton: *You've hit it. Living on the boards is no child's play.*

Richards: *It certainly isn't Joe Childs' play.*

Laughton: *But one thing we have in common. We both appear on the films.*

Richards: *The difference being that they pay you thousands to do so, and they take me for nothing.*

Laughton: *Ah, you're now referring to "The Private Life of Henry VIII."*

Richards: *I wish I was allowed to have a private life. The Press won't let me.*

Laughton: *The penalty of success. I also am not unknown, thanks to my success in the Classics.*

Richards: *I wish I was equally fortunate. They elude me. There's only one play in which I should have a chance of making a success.*

Laughton: *What's that?*

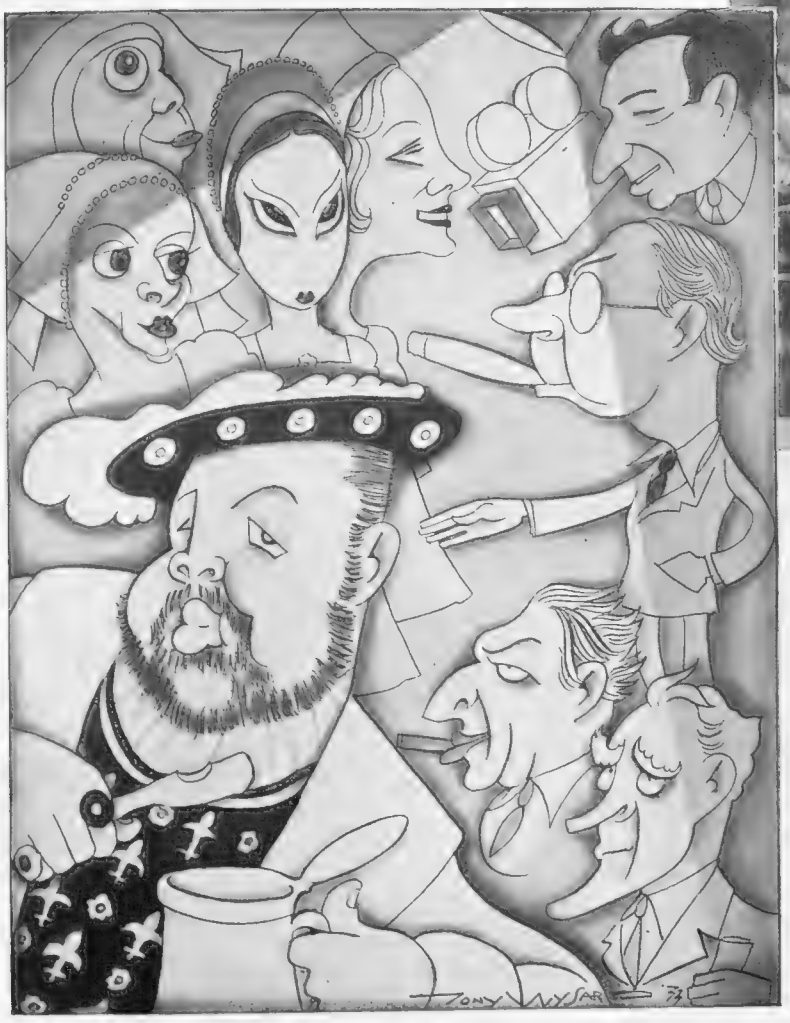
Richards: *"The Whip." Good-morning.*

• STANDING • BY...

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "THE BYSTANDERS"

An obliging acquaintance has mailed us a newspaper from Salonika; newspaper being published in French, our erudition trots us easily to a translation. What caught our eye was a photograph of Earl Jellicoe in full dress, captioned: "Former British Minister for the Colonies, Winston Churchill Flamander." Being easily intrigued, we read the following story, and supposing that you, too, missed it when you opened your papers, we see no harm in our little précis. "Londoners," begins the piece, "were all greatly mystified on opening their newspapers yesterday morning to read that l'ancien ministre pour les Colonies, M. Winston Churchill Flamander, had been arrested the previous evening in Whitechaple, dressed as an apache. The police state that it has long been his custom to don the uniform of the apache, and in that disguise to extract money from the handbags of unsuspecting working girls." We tackled the problem without delay, and all we can say is very little for working girls who remain unsuspecting when attacked by an apache. Even at a fancy-dress ball. And, anyhow, when did the man find time to write his life of Marlborough? Or to "protect" India? We 've puzzled about Flamander; we like it, but it would be wrong to say that we 've solved its splendid significance. But it 's a word we shall use again.



"The Private Life of Henry VIII."

The sensation of London, Paris, and New York. Those responsible: Charles Laughton, as Henry. Elsa Lanchester, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, and Lady Tree also in the cast, seen above Henry. On the other side of the picture, from top to bottom: Georges Perinal (Camera), Alexander Korda (Producer), Latos Boro and Arthur Wimperis (Story and Dialogue). Georges Perinal was camera-man for René Clair

Another Long-Lost Holbein

While congratulating our erudite contemporary, the "Illustrated London News," on the fine reproduction of the recently-discovered Holbein portrait of Henry VIII., we hope that no jealousy will be aroused by our discovery of what English art critics assure us is another Holbein, reproduced above, depicting King Hal throwing over Catherine of Aragon. A New York critic, however, casts doubt on this discovery, affirming that it is a photograph of Franck "Man Mountain" Dean playing with his wife preparatory to appearing as a music-hall turn. Have it your own way

Acting on an impulse (and that 's no mean feat), we deserted the pleasure belt on Tuesday and nosed around the City, minding other people's businesses. We chose Tuesday because we wanted to attend a tea auction. We first called on a broker in Mincing Lane. We found him tasting tea; and if it takes us a lifetime, we 're going to acquire its fascinating technique. It 's easy. Our friend had sixteen cups of different tea in front of him, all kept hot with a nice green baize apron over the top of them. In front of each cup were the leaves from which the tea had been made. If any of you are thinking of taking up tea-tasting, just follow the directions enclosed in this paragraph. Lift the cup and draw tea into the mouth with as much noise as you can make without straining yourself. If you want to strain yourself, that 's your affair. Roll the tea around the tongue, and then spit it from a distance into a copper cuspidor. It 's the spitting we like. We sipped the tea splendidly, but we haven't yet got the hang of spitting. Our first attempt was a lamentable failure: it went all over our trousers. At the third attempt we hit the side of the cuspidor, but swallowed some of the tea, tea being mâté, a green drink much used by virile peons. We admire their courage, but beyond that we won't go.

This piece is fourteen years old, so we may as well get it off our chests without any more delay. Knowing readers will remember a large number of Army huts erected in 1915

Sasha

Paul Shelving

Left: Paul Shelving, the well-known scenic artist, with his collection of Chinese and Indian marionettes and toys. He has recently designed the scenery for "A Sleeping Clergyman" and the open-air performance of "The Tempest." Another production in which he was responsible for the scenery was "The Barretts of Wimpole Street,"

Below: Cecil Aldin, the celebrated dog artist, whose work is so well known to readers of our contemporary, "The Sketch," is seen using the attractive dog belonging to Louise Browne, one of the bright stars in "After Dark," at the Vaudeville, as a model, while his daughter, Mrs. Mason, helps to keep the sitter entertained

Sasha

An Artist's Model

in the park at Versailles, to house some war-winners. We don't remember them ourselves, but, then, we don't pretend to be knowing. In 1919, an officious Government investigator spied them out and ordered their immediate destruction, saying they were an eyesore. Being of a parsimonious turn of mind, the investigator obtained Government sanction to sell the huts; and a glorious great auction was held in the park, highest bidder being an agent of the Government match monopoly in search of cheap timber. A month or so later, Parisians and others requiring matches were surprised to find nothing in the tabacs but matches which would only strike but would not burn, no matter how hard you tried. Investigation undertaken by Government sleuths revealed that the week's supply (don't, please, say you 've guessed) had been made from the Versailles Army huts, all of which, in anticipation of bombing, had been rendered fireproof. We asked a chemist we know how it 's all done, but he only muttered something about low thermal conductivity. If we 'd known he was going to say that we wouldn't have asked him. It 's too late now, and, if we may coin a phrase, it 's no use crying over spilt milk.

No one has ever had the temerity to suggest that we 're patriotic: we 're not: we 're just an old cynic who gets around. But we won't deny that we 're touched by the really great news, announced recently, that in a couple of years' time there may possibly be a British air service to Singapore which will only take twelve days; that is, if we 're all good boys and don't kick up a fuss. We 're glad: we were even more glad and proud until we met a man who had taken one of the Dutch airplanes in Singapore only five days earlier. It 's a regular service, too. Then we were glad we weren't patriotic: it saved us from looking like Lord Lloyd and saying the Dutch were a bunch of tricky, low-down hucksters with no sense of their own inferiority. The man we met shocked us by saying that those in the know never say "run amok," but pronounce amok "amo," with the accent on the last syllable, amok being a Malay word. That kind of thing takes half the joy out of life, in our opinion. But something else always puts it back again, so what the hell.

A couple of Wednesdays ago was a day of some importance in the history of what we like to call "Western civilisation." The previous evening, Foreign Minister Simon had flatly outraged the feelings of a lot of nice wireless listeners all over Europe by broadcasting the fact that his opposite number in Berlin was a liar. This is called pouring flaming oil on a bucket of gasoline, by those who know. A Cabinet meeting had been discussing the wisdom of disarming to the teeth; America's blue eagle was having her tail feathers pulled by a number of strikers unparalleled in American history. European tension was at its nearest to snapping-point since the Lord knows when, and we had

THESPÆANS

No. 5.—Billy Bennett

OUR Mr. Billy Bennett shows
A pretty taste in evening kit;
In fact, it 's true to say his clothes
Are quite too choice in cut and fit;
And flappers lose their hearts to him
When he appears upon the stage,
So debonair, graceful and slim
Is this Beau Brummel of the age.

And when he stands, with flashing eye,
Invoking the Dramatic Muse,
The strongest men break down and cry
Like little children, in two two's,
For few are able to withstand
The pathos in his voice for long,
So tears gush forth on every hand
Whene'er he trills his plaintive song.

Yes, from those hyacinthine locks,
That cluster coyly round his brow,
Unto those passionate puce socks
That filled our hearts with joy enow,
He 's quite the schoolgirl's beau ideal,
The answer to the Maiden's Prayer,
And at his shrine the damsels kneel
And dog his footsteps everywhere.

B. W.

lunched well. We only recapitulate—with that heated and passionate sincerity which has made us what we are—these dead and forgotten and unimportant things in order to point out how anxious to present to their readers the really important events of the day are our evening papers, and how seriously they take the responsibilities of which they so constantly boast in their leading articles. On the date of which we write, an evening newspaper found room on its front page for a large photograph of a cat that knows how to climb ladders. We observe, on reading the above, that we were right to neglect our usual style of conveying information. We did it on purpose: we think it impresses you all the more. Don't bother to tell us if we 're wrong. The cat, by the way, was Persian, and we 're glad it can climb ladders. It 's a comfort to know things like that.

A MAN we 're going to meet next week pointed out to a friend the other day, who—knowing our passion for information—pointed out to us that the dolphins which support the King's head on postage stamps look exactly like Lord Beaverbrook. Any anti-Imperialist who wants a vicarious outlet for his hobby might get a kick out of applying for a job as a post-mark stamper in a busy office. But we warn you that Civil Servants are underpaid unless they happen to be Cabinet Ministers, and they only get a lot to help them forget they 're Civil Servants. We sometimes wish we had a face like Lord Beaverbrook's, for a bigger asset than money for a public man is a 'phiz that the cartoonist can play about with. John Morley was a bit of a failure in politics because no caricaturist could make anything of him.

IT has been said that one of our weaknesses is our old-fashioned attempt to keep abreast of the times. We know it, but we do not allow ourselves to be deterred by that sort of thing. Part of our programme consists in a wide reading of French newspapers, ranging from *Humanité*, the most exciting, to *Le Temps*, which we think is pretty dull. In the course of our reading we collect and file under "Englishisms" any use of English words in the French language. The file is bulging somewhat at the moment, after yesterday's crowning addition of *les lock-outés*, in a dull story about a dock strike. When we were in Juan les Pins last summer, we saw a notice that made our heart beat faster, because we thought we must be in London. On a lingerie-shop window we read "Les Cut Prices." We 've got a whole lot more, but we 'd rather tell you about "literallys" which we collect.

THE best collectors of "literallys" we know are Compton Mackenzie and Sir Herbert Samuel, who, whenever they discover one, send it to each other on postcards. We like the one in the *Times* racing column last year, in which the writer referred to a horse as having "literally run away with the 2000 guineas." And a friend of ours, on an evening paper, once perpetrated a story about an admiral who "literally won his spurs at the Battle of Jutland."

One of the best from our particular collection was handed to us, per our favourite Sunday news-sheet, by none other than the famous dramatic critic, film critic, book critic, gramophone-record critic, James Agate, who remarked in print relative to the death of a famous actor: "Sir Charles Hawtrey was literally one of the most polished actors I have ever seen." It is amusing to catch out anonymous scribes in the misuse of "literally," but when it comes to one of the Very Great Ones of the Earth, and a Master of Style, thus mishandling the English language, one's delight has no bounds.

THE BYSTANDERS.

Right: Ivy Tresmand, who played a "straight" part for the first time when she appeared in the thriller, "What Happened Then," which is continuing its run at the Garrick Theatre

Below: Constance Cummings and her husband, Ben W. Levy, the British playwright—yes, he 's the guy on the left, Sister, at a party given by Daryl Zanuck and William Goetz, whose first production deals with the famous Bowery of New York in the 'nineties. Naughty 'nineties? You 've said a mouthful!

Yevonde

Ivy Tresmand

A Bicycle Made for Two

Alex Corbett

Sir John Martin Harvey

As Mathias, in "The Bells." The old play has caught on, and Lady Oxford and Asquith and Mr. Stanley Baldwin, among others, have been to see it

Howard Marshall on "Rugger": Club v. County

The West Visit London

Guy's Hospital entertained Gloucester at Honor Oak Park, where the West Country team defeated the Hospital by 17 points to 3. The picture shows a Gloucester player being tackled

A Famous Fixture

A line-out in the match between London Scottish and Blackheath at Richmond, when the home side won by a dropped goal and a try to two tries

THE County Championship is now in full swing, and the real enthusiast in the Metropolitan area can revel in mid-week matches at Richmond and the Rectory Field, and the rather outlandish battle-grounds favoured by the Eastern Counties and Sussex. I cannot pretend to be sufficiently enthusiastic to appreciate this mid-week county stuff—though I have seen plenty of it, and even, in my youth, have crept away from the serious business of life to play a humble part in the revelry.

Perhaps this year it will sparkle and produce brilliant football, but usually it seems to flag and languish in the oddest manner. Is there any reason, for example, why Surrey should fail to turn out an extremely effective team? They are run with great enthusiasm, and their resources are considerable, and yet they just fail to reach the heights winter after winter. And look at Kent—J. C. Gibbs and R. K. Millar on the wings; J. E. Giesen and F. W. Simpson at half-back; the nucleus of the Blackheath pack to strengthen their scrummaging, and any amount of keenness on the committee, and yet, last year, their fate was deplorable indeed.

IT is probable, I suppose, that Middlesex and Hampshire will again be the strongest counties in the South-Eastern Group, and Hampshire, you will remember, won the Championship last season, by sweeping Lancashire off their feet in the first ten minutes of the final at Boscombe.

That was a pleasant, sunny afternoon, and we saw some promising players. There was R. Leyland, for instance, the Lancashire centre, and C. P. B. Goldson, the Hampshire scrum-half, and Sergeant Boast, of the Welsh Guards, who did two men's work; and H. A. Fry, of Liverpool, a forward who was exceedingly lively until he was crocked and had to leave the field. It may be that Hampshire will start favourites again, for, although they will be without the cheerful presence of R. C. Harry, who captained them, they will have most of their Services players once more.

I THINK, though, that a strong challenge will come from the provinces. There is always danger lurking in the West Country—Somerset, drawing mainly upon Bristol and Bath, are awkward customers; and surely there will be a revival in Gloucestershire, who won the Championship in 1931 and 1932. Then the East Midlands have a way of upsetting the best of opponents—they take their stalwarts largely from Northampton and Bedford—and, farther north, there are the Yorkshiremen and the Lancashire worthies knocking at the door.

SOMEHOW, the County Championship has never fully established its importance in the London area, and there are those who maintain that it will never do so unless county matches are played on Saturday. Possibly this is true, but it would be wrong, I think, to interfere with club programmes in this way. Outside London, the Championship takes priority over the clubs, and I can well understand that public interest makes this inevitable. In London, though, the club game holds the field, and there are no signs that any change is either necessary or advisable. County matches, after all, are apt to be solemn affairs, and I, for one, am all for keeping the game as light-hearted as possible.

I WONDER, incidentally, whether Blackheath are feeling light-hearted about the dropped goal which caused them to lose their match with the London Scottish by a single point? I dare say they are not worrying unduly; they may even be reminding themselves that if they had converted their two tries they would have beaten the Scottish anyhow. To this extent the extra point which enables a dropped goal to beat a try has its purpose; it does emphasise the value of accurate place-kicking, and all the place-kicking I have seen this year has been deplorable. Still, will anyone maintain seriously that a dropped goal is worth more than an honest-to-goodness try scored in the corner by a wing three-quarter going bald-headed for the line? A try of this kind contains the essence of Rugby football—a dropped goal merely renders the most whole-hearted defence completely futile. In a sense, a dropped goal is a confession of failure; having failed to cross the line by strong or clever running and combined attack, a player is reduced to beating his opponents by shooting over their heads. It is one of the pathetic sights in Rugby football, to my mind, to see players who have been bursting themselves in defence, tackling and falling and rushing, turn dejectedly to watch the ball sailing above them on its way to discount all their efforts.

A DROPPED goal is a pretty enough thing, I grant you, and as an exercise in individual artistry it has its value. It may, moreover, be the result of combination, a scrummage, a pass straight back, and a swift shot by the stand-off half. For all that, it is a thin-blooded business, and I cannot believe that it is ever worth four points.

AND now, what news is there? J. A. Tallent, they say, will soon be turning out for Blackheath again: his injured arm is mending, and his appearance will be welcome indeed. G. V. Brand, the Waratah forward, who was over here with the Australians a few seasons back, looks like being a valuable recruit for Blackheath. He is a typical Dominion forward—well-built, fast, and a glutton for work. Blackheath need centres, incidentally; when they can find the right pair they will be a difficult side to beat. A. G. Cridlan seems to be in great form this year; and L. S. Bailey is still an unexpectedly dangerous and effective back-row forward. I say unexpectedly, for at first sight he does not appear to be particularly robust. He must be exceedingly wiry, though, for his tall, thin form always seems to emerge from the heart of the fight, generally carrying or dribbling the ball. A useful player, he may be rewarded with a trial cap, at least, this year.

Meriel Forbes-Robertson, who posed for John Everard's photographic conception of "The Birth of Venus," is at present playing in "This Side Idolatry," at the Lyric; before this she appeared in the stage version of "Dinner at Eight." She is Jean Forbes-Robertson's younger sister

The attractive composite photograph of the Gunn sisters is also by John Everard. Margaret Gunn has a part in "Laburnum Grove," the new Priestley comedy, which starts its provincial run in a week or two. Judy Gunn is playing juvenile lead in "The Wind and the Rain"

Above: "The Birth of Venus," posed by Meriel Forbes-Robertson

New Ways of Getting Photographed

Below: Margaret Gunn and Judy Gunn

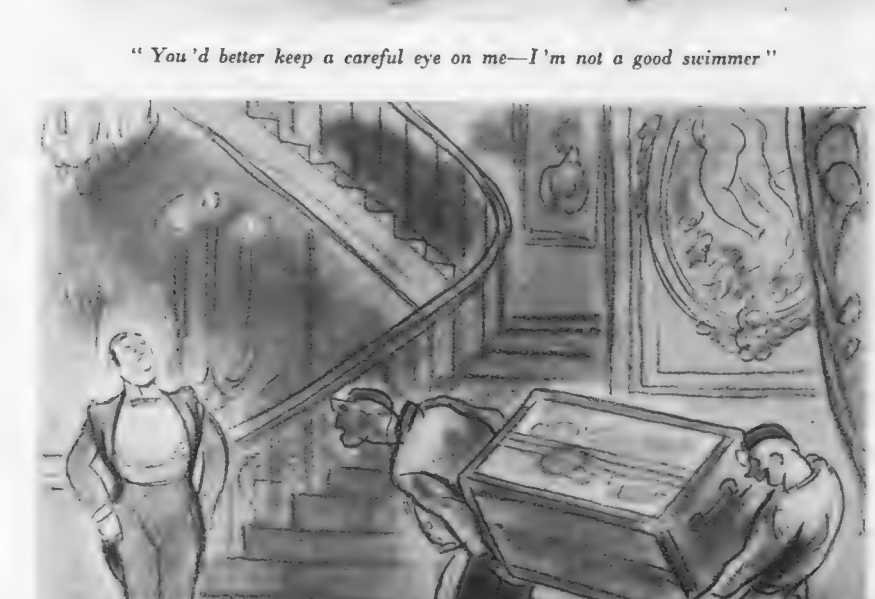
Photographs by John Everard

MORE LAUGHS FROM THE YORKER ALBUM

American Humour at its Be

" You 'd better keep a careful eye on me—I 'm not a good swimmer "

" There, that 's what I meant about Mr. Bostwick "



" Give us a lift, sweetheart "

" He doesn't seem to have got much yet out of his three months at Yale "

" I went to school with Mrs. Hoover. We used to do the mo

"NEW

st

"I'm afraid this isn't much fun for you, Mr. Ewing"

"Will somebody pick a card, any card?"

"But I can't tell you. He told me in strictest confidence"

ost outlandish things!"

LAST week we published a selection of jokes from the "New Yorker Album" (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.). Here are some more, and there are many, many others in this amusing publication, some of which we should not hesitate to repeat to the Vicar, fully realising that he would not understand the point. An introduction by Beverley Nichols, analysing the reasons why these "New Yorker" jokes possess a world-wide reputation, is an additional attraction to a book which all with a sense of humour should possess

"Yes, dammit, my wife!"

Above, left: the Brazilian Ambassador and his daughter, Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, arriving at the Queen's Hall for the Royal Philharmonic Society's second concert

Miss Ethel Bauer talking to Mr. Van Wyck, the well-known impresario, and Mrs. Van Wyck, before the first of the B.B.C.'s series of symphony concerts

Left: M. Benno Moisevitch, the famous pianist, and Mr. W. W. Thompson were two of the audience that listened to the B.B.C. Orchestra playing Berlioz, Beethoven, and Elgar. Moisevitch is giving a Chopin recital at the Palladium on Sunday

Right: Mr. Aylmer Buesst, the B.B.C.'s second conductor, disposes of his hat before the same concert

Mr. Martin Broones, the American composer of the music of "Give Me a Ring," arriving at Queen's Hall

Music in the Air

Queen's Hall Re-Echoes

Left: Miss Harriet Cohen and Mr. Arnold Bax at the box-office. In front is a poster of Miss Cohen's own concert, which took place a few days later

Music (and all That)

Philharmonics and Incidentals

By "Melos"

Above: Mme. Tetrazzini, the prima donna, who is making a farewell tour of Britain, with Harold Fielding, the English boy violinist who is accompanying her. The ostrich fan was given to her by Il Duce

Right: Miss Nadine Hambourg, daughter of the celebrated pianist, Mark Hambourg, who, herself, is a fine performer. She and her father have recently been jointly engaged in making gramophone records

Claude Harris

OUR concert-giving organisations have for years been "slanged" regularly and vigorously for what has been called a stick-in-the-mud policy in choosing their programmes. The same old symphonies, concertos (if I were given £10 for every time I have heard the Tchaikovsky B flat minor, what a comfortable sum it would be!) and overtures turn up year after year.

That this is so is a proof of their worth. Except in the case of a few favourites, so well worn that they resemble a holey carpet, there is no cause for grumbling.

But what happens when there is an attempt to get off the beaten track? The Royal Philharmonic Society opened their season with the *Meistersinger* Overture, a familiar Mozart violin concerto, and an equally familiar Haydn symphony. The Queen's Hall was packed to the last inch, and money was turned away. The programme of the second concert was a strange business. After a symphony by an eighteenth-century composer, by name Polaci (of whom, frankly, I had never heard, nor have I met anyone who has heard of him, nor is his name to be found in any of the reference books), we had an early and little-known work by Richard Strauss, an obscure, and deservedly obscure, horror by Honegger, and the first performance of a new work by Cyril Scott, which will also, in all probability, be its last performance. The Hall was half-empty, and the whole concert was not far removed from what the nasty, common theatrical people call a "flop."

The lesson is only too obvious—keep to what the public know. London's musical people are not, like the men of Athens, always on the look-out for some new thing. How long is it since a new opera has managed to keep its place in Covent Garden's repertoire? There has been none since *Der Rosenkavalier*, a pre-war product. And now it seems that there is no repertoire at all—so that is that.

IT is true that at the first "Phil" concert Sir Thomas Beecham, trailing clouds of social glory behind him, was in charge. But Mr. Albert Coates, who is a good conductor of European reputation, was the choice for the second, and the social committee, nobly, though not quite successfully, trying to show its impartiality in these matters, at any rate did its best. But to no real purpose.

I fear the programme itself was not a very happy example of unconventionality. The Polaci symphony proved a pleasing work, a little later in style than its date—1745—which proves that Polaci, whoever he was, was a man who looked ahead. The early Strauss was mostly late Brahms. What induced Mr. Cyril Scott to write a symphonic poem on the sinking of the Titanic, heaven alone knows! This sort of stuff is right outside his style, which is the reverse of realistic.

When I was a small boy, and entranced with everything and anything to do with an organ-loft, I used to rank as a work of the highest genius a piece by one Lemmens, entitled "The Storm." This started with a quiet, pastoral air—happy shepherds, etc.—which led into a few minor chords, suggesting that the shepherds might shortly get it in the neck. More chords, molto agitato, told me that a storm really was brewing. Great crashes on the full organ, with chromatic scales and an hysterical arpeggio here and there, denoting thunder, rushing wind, and torrents of rain, made me feel sorry for those shepherds.

But the storm abated as the organist put in the stops one by one; and the piece came to a close with the pastoral air with which it had opened, played rather more slowly, perhaps because the shepherds were rather damp and the organist rather tired.

If I were asked to describe Mr. Scott's "Disaster at Sea," I would answer—"a Lemmens." The two pieces are of the same genre, Mr. Scott adding a further touch of realism with his quotation of the hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The fact that Mr. Lemmens dealt with an imaginary minor disaster and Mr. Scott with a real major disaster has no bearing on the musical value of the two pieces, which, in each case, is nil.

TWO plays have just been produced in which music has an important part—*This Side Idolatry* and *Command Performance*.

In the former, except that during one scene an escaped tenor strays across the stage singing like anything, the music is purely "incidental." I venture to call attention to it, since it is precisely what incidental music should be. That, considering that it has been composed by Mr. Norman O'Neill, may perhaps be taken for granted.

It is not aggressively Tudor (the play is about a man called Shakespeare, who also wrote plays), nor is it a mass of modern tricks. In the most delicate fashion the *flavour* of the period is introduced, together with a musical idiom acceptable to twentieth-century ears. Which, to my mind, is the ideal way of tackling a job of this type. If one can pop in occasionally a perfect pastiche, as Mr. O'Neill does, so much the better.

Command Performance is to be commended in that it has no jazz numbers and has been written by people who know their business thoroughly. If they know their Verdi and their Lehar equally thoroughly—well, those are good enough models, and can be added as a spot of absinthe to the cocktail. Indeed, the first act was, musically, sadly in need of a pick-me-up at the moment when the male chorus, in Ruritanian uniform, came to the rescue with an echo of Verdi's most famous march—administering first "Aid-a," as it were.

There was some ingenious part-writing, rare in pieces of this type. Had a very clever musical palaver, sung by a group of Cabinet Ministers, come later in the evening, it would, I think, have been better appreciated.

Westminster Whispers :

When can their glory fade ?
Oh the wild charge they made !
All the world wonder'd.

Well, most of them have earned the right of burial into decent obscurity.

THERE are sixty-two constituencies in Lancashire and fifty-seven in Yorkshire. Between them, the two counties elect more than one-sixth of the House of Commons. And they are so cautious about it, they take such good care of themselves and us, that the majority of their representatives remain unknown, unhonoured, and unsung.

NEXT week Parliament will be sitting again and we shall all be back at the common round, the daily task. My tour is over. Since August I have introduced through these pages to an expectant and amazed world no less than one hundred and sixty-three Members of the present House. But only in the last month have I managed to survey some of the boroughs of the North.

In the old days Yorkshire came off best. The whole of Lancashire sent only fourteen Members to Westminster in the sixteenth century, and this continued right down to 1832. But Yorkshire county had four Members and its boroughs returned fourteen besides.

ONCE upon a time, long before Mr. A. P. Herbert came along, there was a gentleman of the delightful name of Haddock, who sat for one of the Lancashire seats ; Lord Salisbury sat for Darwen for three years, and Lewis Harcourt sat for Rossendale. But there was a terrible day in 1906 when the present Lord Derby was turned out at Westhoughton. The same year another Conservative, a Mr. Cripps, later the Liberal Lord Parmoor and Socialist Cabinet Minister, the model of consistent inconsistency, was beaten at Stretford.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL divides his favours without distinction ; he used to sit for Cleveland, in Yorkshire. 1913 was a sensational year, though we didn't appreciate it at the time ; at Keighley, Lord Buckmaster defeated Lord Lascelles by nine hundred.

AFTER 1931 it was whispered that a good many of the young Tory candidates had thought the Election was going to be a kind of glorious Balaclava, and were horrified to find themselves M.P.s.

MR. MOLSON will never be obscured ; he is determined not to be. He was intended for the Silent Service, but he soon put that right, went up to Oxford and became President of the Union. He was born and bred to politics ; his father was Member for Gainsborough. He fought a hopeless fight in 1929 at Aberdare and was rewarded, not very graciously, with Doncaster, apparently equally hopeless. He got in by five thousand, the first Conservative to sit there since 1906.

HE takes an interest in coal, because it interests his constituency. He was moved by the Bill to demolish Adelphi Terrace and Carlton House Terrace. But it is India which rouses him to a state where his telegraphic address, " Court-like," belies him. His passionate defence of the Government's policy is quite unalloyed.

MR. MOLSON is thirty. So is Captain Harvie-Watt, who, in his first political fight, in 1931, turned Mr. Lees-Smith out of Keighley. Mr. Lees-Smith was out in 1923, but only by five hundred, and he won the seat back in 1924. Captain Harvie-Watt will have to work hard to prevent him winning it in 193?. But he is a Scotsman with a big smile ; a formidable combination.

IN 1918 Mr. Lees-Smith was a Liberal ; as a Liberal he fought Don Valley without much success. In 1922 Mr. Tom Williams appeared there and walked the seat with four thousand to spare. He 's been there ever since. He started life as a miner, but he is an authority now on as many subjects as his namesake on the other side of the House—Mr. H. G., the Member for Croydon. If only they 'd get together, we might have an " Intelligent Man's Guide to Cole."

BUT Mr. Tom Williams is also an idealist. In 1929 he was asking for " a Society with something of heroism in it," and in 1931, despite his experience as Parliamentary Private Secretary to Miss Bondfield, the Minister of Labour, " Why such deadly haste to make money ? " he cried out. It may have been his idealism that made him accuse Mr. Neville Chamberlain of a West-End complex. I don't know what else it could have been.

THERE are nineteen seats in the West Riding, and Barkston Ash is as safely Conservative as any of them. In fifty years only one Liberal has ever slipped in, and he didn't stay much over twelve months. That was in 1905. Colonel Lane-Fox was victorious in 1906 and remained so, election after election, until 1931, when Colonel Ropner took over. He is an old hand, though he is under forty. He won Sedgefield in 1923 by six and sat there till 1929. Now he should be safe for life. He expects to be. He is looking forward to years of membership, so he told his constituents.

IN the Commons he speaks very seldom ; instead, he produces the " talkies " for his Party ; he might pass the hint on. He looks after the interests of the shipping industry in the House, is one of the more sociable M.P.s, is to be seen here, there, and everywhere, with or without car, and is about as popular outside Parliament as he is in.

THERE are two silent men in the North Riding—Major Tommy Dugdale and Sir Paul Latham. Major Dugdale was a captain and a Back-Bencher till 1931. Then he got two promotions at once. He was made a major and Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister. He is thirty-six and sits for Richmond, his home Division, where a Socialist candidate has never appeared and a Liberal only once in the last twenty years. He mayn't speak, because he sits on the bench behind his master.

SIR PAUL LATHAM may speak, but he doesn't want to. He came into the House

Round the Constituencies: No. 14.

Yorkists and Lancastrians

By "BIG BEN" on Tour

Sketches by David Wilson

before the last election—he had two fights in six months—but he is still waiting for the right moment. I believe he means to challenge Sir James Agg-Gardner's record. Sir Paul was born in Eltham twenty-eight years ago. He began his political career looking after Sir William Ray on the L.C.C., but he took the best grouse-moor in Yorkshire, and Scarborough came to hand when Captain Sidney Herbert had to resign. Sir George Sitwell was once its Member and Mr. Osbert Sitwell fought for it in 1918. The Conservative chiefs needn't worry about it now. It won't cause them any trouble.

AMIDST all these young men, Mr. Boulton, of Sheffield Central, can't be omitted. He is the youngest-looking man for his age in the Commons. Quite early in his Parliamentary life he made himself known by a speech on Economy. Members turned up their reference books to see who he was and couldn't believe their eyes. Several asked him if his birth-date was a misprint. He had to confess no, but he has been delighted ever since.

IN Lancashire, first and foremost, is Lord Stanley. He started off, aged twenty-three, by sitting for a Liverpool seat for a year. Then came the 1918 redistribution, and he was left out in the cold. His seat disappeared and with it Lord Stanley. He came back in 1922, for Fylde, and was returned unopposed first time off. His opponents have no chance against him. They may as well save their money.

HE was born in '94, and is two years older than brother Oliver; not so conspicuous, but has always managed to keep level. Oliver won the Croix de Guerre; he won the Croce di Guerra. Oliver has been Under-Secretary at the Home Office and is Minister of Transport. He has been a Whip, Deputy Chairman of his Party, and is now Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty. Oliver married a Londonderry. He married a Cadogan. He is slightly deaf, but he enjoys life a lot.

HE can up and speak when he likes. He went for Mr. Churchill over India as long ago as March 1931, and accused him of biting the hand that fed him; he stands no truck when his father's attacked, and doesn't mind saying such uncomfortable things as "Constituencies have chosen their candidates in the past more for the money they promised the Association than for the useful work they could do for the Party."

WHAT of Mr. Hopkinson at Mossley? He is an Independent, a converted Liberal. He has been at Mossley since 1918, but in 1929 was soundly beaten by a Socialist. He was very peeved about it; blamed his old electorate, not his conqueror. But he turned the tables last time, and beat a Conservative into the bargain. In return for which he lectures at Ashridge Conservative College.

HE despises an election address. A pamphlet is necessary to hold all his views. His portrait is obtainable separately. He has ideas that aren't always appreciated, like stopping Members' salaries and travelling expenses. But he'd institute a means test for impoverished M.P.s; he is one of the poorest of the lot himself, so he said.

MR. DOUGLAS HACKING has been at Chorley since 1918. He was born in Lancashire and his father, who made soap, left him nearly a quarter of a million. He is one of the few men one hears of who were educated at Giggleswick. He has gone up the ladder of a political career rung by rung. A Parliamentary Private Secretary, a Whip, an Under-Secretary, then in charge of the Overseas Trade Department. As consolation when out of office, Chancellor of the Primrose League. He went back to the Home Office when Mr. Stanley was made Minister of Transport.

ONCE he spoke out on India: "I cannot remain quiet when I believe this Government is mishandling the Indian situation and causing unemployment in Lancashire. The more meetings we have to tell the Government they appear more concerned with India than with Lancashire, the better chance we have to make them change their views"—of course, he was attacking the Socialists.

LORD CRAWFORD used to sit for Chorley. His son, Lord Balniel, sits for Lonsdale. He is one of the bright young men whose brightness seems to have been damped a bit. But he is only just over thirty, so he has plenty of time

HE can learn from Mr. Ramsbotham, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education. He fought Lancaster in 1910 and was unsuccessful, but he remained faithful to it and had another shot in 1928. Won it at last in 1929. He is blessed with the fine name his father had before him—Herwald, and he lives up to it with an eye-glass and a pretty sense of humour.

Elswyth Thane

whose new book, "The Tudor Wench," has been published by Hurst and Blackett. It deals with the early life of Queen Elizabeth and has been described as "history with dialogue." When not engaged on historical research, Miss Thane accompanies her husband, Dr. William Beebe, on his explorations of the ocean-bed

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Sarah, Sadness, Salt and Scotland:

By A. G. Macdonell

IT is a truism which I have repeated over and over again, both here and elsewhere (for I am never tired of repeating myself: after all, I don't have to read the stuff), that the art of the actor is the most tragic and insubstantial of the arts. It dies when the voice dies, and nothing is left of it but the mumbling reminiscences of a few old men, and then, one by one, the old men die too, and not even a shadow remains of what once were the triumphs of Salvini and Irving and Siddons and Rachel. But, once in a generation, an actor or actress may survive into immortality. It is a pure chance, and it depends entirely upon another of the arts. Not all the delirious audiences, nor masters of paint or chisel can do it. But if a scribbler, with a stump of pencil and a writing-pad, jots down a handful of phrases, then the actor may get his niche in Valhalla. What was Sarah Bernhardt to me before I read Mr. Maurice Baring's book (*Sarah Bernhardt*; Davies, 6*s*.)? She was something that was used as a measure of comparison for Duse. Nothing more. Now, after I have read 150 short pages, she has become one of the immortals. Mr. Baring has called up a ghost of something that was flaming, alive, golden, and very wonderful. He quotes a very ordinary piece of verse by Rostand, and makes us believe, absolutely, that Bernhardt could make it sound the most thrilling and magical masterpiece. He tells us that she was fifty-six when she played the part of the young Napoleon, and makes us believe, absolutely, that she swept a critical, hostile Parisian audience off its feet. Mr. Baring is carrying me off my feet; I must be more careful. But what a perfect piece of writing!

MISS E. M. DELAFIELD has left the provinces. The witty and long-suffering lady with her diary is still, presumably, trying to make both ends meet in her rural retreat, but in *Gay Life* (Macmillan; 7*s*. 6*d*.) she plays no part. Would that she did! For Miss Delafield's excursion into what might be called Lidoism, is not a very happy one. The scene is a hotel on the Riviera, and the characters—phew! what a jolly crew. There is a middle-aged lady who wants to sleep with the brutal young tutor of her son; the tutor is quite willing until lovely, golden-haired Mrs. Moon comes over the horizon, and then he tries to transfer his allegiance without losing his job. There is a cynical, middle-aged gentleman with a perfectly frightful secretary (the secretary is so brilliantly drawn that he becomes somewhat incredible; so overdrawn, in fact, that he ought to be R.D.), and there is a rich girl-novelist who falls in love with the frightful secretary. There is Mrs. Wolverton-Gush, a massive lady, who is secretary to the girl-novelist, and will do anything for money. And there is young Mr. Moon, who has for two years been the husband of the golden-haired beauty. Of those two years, the happy and handsome couple had spent one fortnight of delirious excitement and fifty-one fortnights of nagging and quarrelling. After a great deal of jockeying for position (always the same position), and a great deal of dullish chatter, and an immense number of drinks, the book ends in an assortment of tragedies. Mr. Moon tops up a nice little record of good, clean fun by selling his blonde lovely to the brutal tutor for fifty pounds, and a motor-car for a hundred, and they all live unhappily ever after. *Gay Life* is a sad pity. Miss Delafield, in her own world of delicate wit and irony and observation, is unsurpassable. Her provincial lady is in the tradition of Jane Austen herself. But her cosmopolitans are not so happy.

THERE is a fresh and pleasant flavour about *Mr. Salt Finds Happiness*, by Edward Mousley (Barker; 7*s*. 6*d*.), although the main character is an oldish one. Mr. Salt is an East End chiropodist who suddenly revolts from sordidness and a nagging wife and a sloppy lodger, and bolts to Whaling Island and buys an old ship called the Jemima. This is simply a Wellsian type, like the little man who ate the purple pileus. But after that ordinary start, Mr. Mousley launches out on his own, and lets his fancy stray into the most capital and whimsical directions. And I must say I do like a book in which there is a real, downright villain. Mr. Sneape is a lawyer who not only plays low-down tricks with various legal quibbles, but who descends even deeper and cheats at golf. He gets worse and worse, and in the end is tripped up and hoist with his own petard. All the world loves a book in which a rascally attorney comes to grief. When you have accepted Mr. Mousley's wayward fantasticness, and his touches of sentimentality, you will find *Mr. Salt Finds Happiness* a delightful and original book. It contains two golf-matches, the technical terms of which I am certain my colleague Mr. Fairlie would not pass for a moment; and if, as I suspect, the Directorate of Messrs. Barker contains a famous old Corinthian outside-right, how on earth was the "Rugger centre-forward" allowed to pass? I have referred the matter to Mr. Howard Marshall.

MR. H. V. MORTON'S books about England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales have sold in tens of thousands, and rightly. Imagine Baedeker with a sense of humour, Bradshaw with a sense of style, and A.B.C. with a sense of history, George Borrow without his smugness—"take of these elements all that is fusible," as Sir W. S. Gilbert observed, when speaking of a heavy dragoon, and the result is something like Mr. H. V. Morton. Morton is an old Scots name, but I do not know whether H. V. is one of us or not. But this I do know, that his *Scotland Again* (Methuen; 7*s*. 6*d*.) is a book that makes us even prouder of our native land than we were before, if such a thing is possible. And it is a shameful thing that a chiel with a notebook should know so much more, and should describe it all so much better, than any of us natives. Thirty years, man and boy, have I lived, off and on, in Aberdeen, but I have never been out in a trawler. Mr. Morton has. Many a time have I hacked my ball out of Strath or Shelley on the Old Course at St. Andrews, but I have never visited the gate-house of the Castle where Cardinal Beaton watched George Wishart, John Knox's friend, being burned to death in March 1545. Mr. Morton has. *Scotland Again*, in spite of the fact that Mr. Morton repeats the wretched Andrew Lang's libellous attack on the Macdonells of Glengarry, is a lovely book.

A portfolio of fashion compiled weekly for the Bystander by Madge Garland

A SILVER sequin cape and a scarlet sash allied to a black skirt would give the shyest of women enough self-confidence to sit serenely in the centre of a box. A Lanvin model from Debenham and Freebody

THE standing figure is wearing a short coat of white velvet with sleeves of black coq's feathers — a startling contrast which is extremely smart. A Lelong model from Debenham and Freebody

STARS in firma

Paul Tanqueray

BARE shoulders, long sleeves and a square décolletage held by crystal clips are the chief features of this velvet gown designed by Peggy Morris and which she herself is wearing. This young designer has recently opened new and most attractive salons at 11, Berkeley Square, where her winter collection is shown daily

the ment of FASHION

Photographs by Yevonde

MISS BUNTING STEPHENSON accentuates her blonde good looks by wearing a black velvet dinner gown with the new high neckline in front. The cape sleeves are edged with ermine tails. An original design by Isobel, of Regent Street

MRS. DENNIS COHEN looks most intriguing in her black satin gown, which is hand-pleated in exactly the same manner as were the tunics of ancient Greece. With it she wears a magnificent parure of antique Indian jewellery

Golf Up North

Some Players for the Birkdale Golf Club "Victory Cup"

(1) A. Marland (President) and A. Eckersley Hope (Past Captain). (2) E. Redmayne Jones (Captain of the Club) and Capt. C. J. R. Copner (Secretary). (3) O. S. Hooper and C. Southwell. (4) C. Leach and A. G. Wainright. (5) A. L. Dyson, A. D. MacLaren, J. A. Dyson and Norman Wood

(6) A. Topalian and C. Wall. (7) S. Hague and Granville Ward

(8) B. Monkhouse and J. Whitehead. (9) H. Pope and V. Pope. (10) H. Heywood and R. H. Hardman (Winner). (11) G. Boycott (Hon. Treas.) and G. I. Murray. There were 78 players

"What whisky is this, steward?"

"It's the very best, madam . . . It is

DEWAR'S

The Famous White Label"

Unlovely and unwanted curves are diplomatically and effectively dealt with by Kestos—the gifted creators of foundation garments. The Kestos Brassière, so skilfully cut, bestows perfect beauty of figure, by subtly emphasising natural charms and tactfully concealing and improving where Nature has not been so kind. And the mastery of Kestos Girdles over intractable hips is truly amazing! Though light and charming in appearance these ingeniously designed garments give correct contour and grace of line to every figure.

Kestos Brassière, 3/11 to 17/11. Kestos Girdles at various prices. Sold everywhere.

Catalogue on request. KESTOS LTD., Maddox House, Regent Street, London, W.1 (Wholesale only.) Also at Paris and Brussels

Three 'Planes of Note for '34: By Capt. C. E. Ward

Punctuality at Reading

LADIES' DAY at Reading was a distinct success, with fifteen visiting pilots and their passengers by 'plane, including a Moth from Paris flown by Miss Frost, who is an American, and numerous guests by rail or road. Mrs. Patterson, who won the prize for punctuality, is a commercial pilot, flying for Silvertown Lubricants, and a member of the Cinque Ports Club at Lympne. The party was organised by Mrs. Charles Powis, wife of the managing director of Woodley Aerodrome, and by Mrs. Battye, who is a Moth owner and a competition pilot of some skill. Woodley is the home aerodrome of the "Hawk," a most useful two-seater of the "sports" type, designed by that excellent pilot, F. G. Miles, aided and abetted by his wife, who is a daughter of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. The low price of the "Hawk," approximately £400, has made it possible to sell almost the whole of the first year's production well ahead of deliveries.

The Australian Mail

THE "Gull" is another machine which is selling well, and particularly since Sir Charles Kingsford Smith reduced the solo flight record to Australia. It is good news that he has received some small recognition in cash from the Government of his country, for no pilot has done more to put Australia on the air map. The finest feats of long-distance flying have been those of the late "Bert" Hinkler and Kingsford Smith. The former set the pace for the trip to Australia by light 'plane as early as 1928, when his Cirrus Avian was one of four or five British types just becoming known as practical vehicles for long-distance tours. Ross and Keith Smith took four weeks in 1919 from England to Australia in an old war-time Vickers Vimy; Hinkler covered the same distance in 15 days, 12 hours; whilst Kingsford Smith halved this again. The Dutch have a mailplane just completed which is scheduled to reach Batavia in four days, and in the meantime, Ulm and his crew have flown to the Commonwealth in 6 days, 17 hours. It seems most unlikely that a mail service to Australia could be maintained with present-day machines that are economical to operate in less time than a week.

Cruising at Two Miles a Minute

IN addition to the "Hawk" and the "Gull," both of which can be said to have won their place in the air during 1933, there is the Leopard Moth, winner of the King's Cup at 139½ miles an hour. Three of these latest Moths, whilst still in the experimental stage, were entered for the race, the pilots being de Havilland himself, the ultimate winner, the late "Bill" Styran, and Mrs. Alan Butler, wife of the chairman of the de Havilland Company. All three finished in the order of first, third, and sixth. The Leopard Moth can be regarded as the logical successor to the Puss Moth, some hundreds of which have given remarkable service in all parts of the world for the past three years. The Puss has to its credit three Atlantic crossings and four or five records from England to Cape Town. The latest of the Moths is a three-seater, two passengers being accommodated side by side in a deep seat which is more comfortable than that in most cars. The cabin is very quiet and every care has been taken to produce good ventilation, with warmed air for the winter or high altitudes. At its price of £1275, ready to fly away, this machine is the last word in luxury cruisers. Flying at two miles a minute, a pilot with two passengers and ample luggage can tour the world, free from the restrictions of congested roads, the annoyances of Channel crossings, or the dust and rattle of trains.

At the Clubs and Schools

THE Heston School has had a record year, the increase in flying hours being about one-third more than last year. A new pupil is Baron von Wangenheim, an experienced pilot who is taking a course on light aeroplanes, having flown only heavy machines previously. Mr. A. C. Upham, recently returned from Canada, where he was in charge of the Provincial Air Service, has joined the London Club at Hatfield in order to renew his commercial licence. Dr. Mintzman, owner of a "Hawk," is taking instruction also at Hatfield. Air Service Training has its own yacht club at Hamble, started with the idea that the pilot of a flying-boat should know all about the handling of surface craft in varying conditions of wind and tide. Sailing provides a quick and pleasant way of acquiring the art of seamanship. The club, whose Commodore is Group-Captain R. J. F. Barton, has been affiliated to the Hamble River Sailing Club through the kind offices of their Commodore, Captain Nelson.

Right: Mr. R. C. Ramsay, seventy-three-year-old pilot, with two of his flying daughters, Honor and Betty. Mr. Ramsay owns an Autogiro and a Moth, flies in Kent and has an air-minded family of five

Swaebe

Left: Peggy Morris displaying the latest uncrushable divided skirt for flying. The occasion was Ladies' Day at Woodley, Reading, when women pilots from all parts of the country forgathered for lunch and a party. Mrs. Shelmerdine, wife of the Director of Civil Aviation, and Mrs. Handley Page are seen seated on the left

"Way Down East"

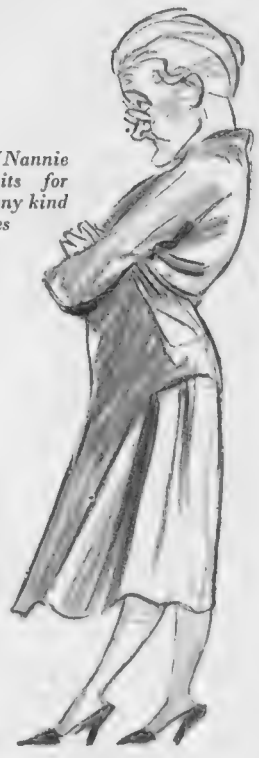
CAPTAIN "JERRY" SHAW, one of the earliest commercial pilots in this country, who used to fly Airco machines from London to Paris when the fare was £20, is en route for the Far East on a tour of inspection for the Asiatic Petroleum Company. He is flying a Monospar and will visit all of his Company's depots as far north as Shanghai and south to Tasmania, after which the machine will be shipped to Durban for a flight home via the west coast of Africa. Another flight of interest to the East is that being undertaken by Mr. W. P. Crawford-Greene, M.P., and Lord Apsley, with Mr. Lynch Blosse as the pilot of their Spartan cruiser. The party plan to tour Australia, where, incidentally, both of the distinguished passengers were born. Lord Apsley has already done some flying in Australia, and Mr. Lynch Blosse was an air-line pilot there for some years.

A Grand Slam by the "No Trumpers"

Entertaining Amateurs at the Arts Theatre

Archie Tarto (Henry Lisser) in "Pally Archie," roaring like a bull, and—

—Annie (Pauline Morland), his daughter, behaving like a perfect little bear, while above—



—Mother (Nannie Kelham) waits for dividends on any kind of shares

Mary Ann Dante (Leonard Blackett), a maid-of-all-work whom none would transfer

Professor Nnemo (Herbert Alexander), a memory expert forgetful in word and deed

George Robey (John Cohen) as Shakespeare getting slightly "contangorous"

OUR artist, H. H. Harris, here gives his impressions of some members of the "No Trumpers" Company, and, understanding that many of them are not unknown in Stock Exchange circles, has labelled them accordingly. This brilliant band of amateurs play for charity and the amusement of their friends, while, unlike some amateurs, they *really* cause amusement. Written, composed, produced and performed by the Company not limited as to talent, their occasional performances always secure large audiences, who pay to see a show worthy to rank with any first-class professional effort

R. N. Le Cron (Stoke Poges) driving in the "Star" Men's Foursomes at Camberley Heath v. Royal Wimbledon

The "Star" Club Foursomes Tournament was won by Worplesdon, who beat Royal Wimbledon by two matches to one. The group above shows Mrs. A. C. Johnstone, the Camberley Lady Captain, presenting the trophy to the winning team; reading from left to right: Captain J. R. Johnston, the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe, A. J. Peech, Captain A. G. Moxon, O. C. Bristowe, and W. Frame

J. S. Rowell, who played second for Cambridge v. Royal Wimbledon, was beaten by H. C. C. Tippet 2 and 1

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

and Partner

WORPLESDON has had its autumn glory, and Miss Joyce Wethered has triumphed for the seventh time. That is the way it strikes most people, and therefore I must once more make my annual plea on behalf of her forgotten male companion on her victorious rounds. Every year it is always "Miss Wethered and friend" (and sometimes, in the less scrupulous journals, "Miss Wethered and enemy"), so much so that the male part of the combination is in danger of complete oblivion, even if he be so illustrious a personage as Mr. Bernard Darwin. I find it necessary in an autumn issue of THE BYSTANDER regularly to point out that Miss Wethered had a partner, and was not alone in her triumph.

Miss Wethered herself will be the first person, I know, to encourage me to write in this strain. We will, therefore, ignore all the wonderful things that she did throughout the tournament, taking alike the most easy and the most difficult shots as played, which they undoubtedly almost all were, to perfection. We will content ourselves with the engaging thought that we still have in Miss Joyce Wethered the supreme lady golfer of all time, even if circumstances dictate that she shall no longer take part in International matches or national championships on our behalf. And the invitation extended by the Worplesdon Golf Club to her to compete in its annual Mixed Foursomes Tournament is a source of joy to us all, for it means that we shall see her at least once a year seriously in action amongst her subjects, even if her name does appear engraved on the back of iron clubs. That is a matter of her own choice, but her appearance at Worplesdon is a matter of *our* choice, and right gladly we make it. Professional or amateur . . . what matter, provided Miss Wethered is still occasionally with us?

It is of Mr. Bernard Darwin, therefore, that I am about to write. And the first thing that I have to say of him is to offer a piece of advice: let him read, if he has not already read, the reports of the play at Worplesdon each day in the issues of the *Times*, and let him cut them out and take them to the man who so nearly beat him, and ask him for professional advice. For the correspondent of the *Times* made some remarks which I should think were almost actionable (the most delightful: "Darwin holed a three-foot putt—I never thought he would"), and the only excuse that Darwin can have for not bringing an action is that the remarks in the *Times* invariably added to the gaiety of rather a depressed world. Thank you, Golf Correspondent of the *Times*, for four delightful examples of yourself at your unequalled best.

As to his play, and in spite of the doubts expressed by the *Times*, Bernard Darwin was really excellent, excepting for one day, which was very nearly tragic. He and his partner (sorry, Miss Wethered, but I get a sort of impertinent pleasure in putting it that way!) very nearly succumbed to Mrs. Fleming and Gerald Russell, and in the issue of the *Times* commenting on this match, Russell was described as a very, very good golfer not nearly well enough known as such. Bernard Darwin also thought of Russell in those terms, and Bernard Darwin is a very, very good judge of a good golfer. I am personally delighted that confirmation of my own opinion should come from such a distinguished quarter: just over a year ago I included Russell in a team I selected, for this page only, to beat the English team chosen by the English Golf Union. I am quite sure he would have won his match. I *know* how good Gerald Russell is . . . painfully good, as an opponent.

THE fact that Mrs. Fleming and Russell ran Miss Wethered and Darwin so close—should, in fact, have beaten them—was therefore no surprise to me, although it appears to have surprised others. But what did surprise me was that the failure to win came from excessive putting on the last green. Russell is normally a very good putter: he was once one of those few who overcame the difficulties of putting with an immense block of wood, and they all are good putters. I suppose that it all boils down to Wethered nerves, which is the best way to describe the awful feeling which assails seemingly everyone who finds him or herself about to beat a Wethered. If you look back on the history of tight Wethered matches, both brother and sister, you will find that the escape has not often been by means of Wethered superlativeness—which is there most of the time, of course—but because of sudden, inexplicable, stark, staring insanity on the part of the opponent. Oh, how frightfully true this is!

What of the final? One of the best male players competing—Andrew McNair—went clean off his normal game, having been playing very steadily and very well indeed. He played a lot of excellent shots, but he played many others which must have shocked him. It was a pity: he had an extremely efficient partner in Mrs. Garon, but in the final she also was not quite blameless. With Miss Wethered holing a mashie shot as well as being herself, and Darwin holing several on the green, there could only be a one-sided victory.

What a great autumn H. E. Taylor has had! A magnificent victory in the Medal at St. Andrews, and the semi-final of this Worplesdon tournament. He was not so bad in the spring, either, showing people round the New Course at St. Andrews. And how glad everyone is that he has done all this, for his is a grand game and a grand way to play it. H. E. Taylor must be the most ominous name to draw in any tournament, from the point of view of inexperienced brilliants.

SO once more we have to wait until another year has passed before we can again enjoy the thrills of Worplesdon. I do not know why it is, but the fact remains that a nineteenth hole at Worplesdon is even more exciting than a nineteenth hole in any other tournament. Is it, perhaps, because the male feels he *must* protect his female, and the female feels that a little weakness is perhaps not unbecoming? Or is it just the other way about: that the man feels he *must* protect himself from chattering tongues, and the female from the taunt of feminine frailty? Whatever the reason, Worplesdon is always desperately exciting, and the greatest fun, and of all the events in the year the one that I hate most to miss. And I think most everyone agrees with me.

Miss M. J. Couper (North Berwick), Lady Eddis (Aldeburgh), Mrs. Cavendish-Fuller (Stoke Poges), and Mrs. de Paula (Porter's Park), competitors in "The Bystander's" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Worplesdon and Barn Elms

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IF anybody had asked anybody else, at the beginning of the Worplesdon Foursomes, who they wanted to win, the answer, in a good ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, would have been, "Joyce Wethered and Bernard Darwin"—leaving just one per cent. of people with relations or special friends amongst the other couples, who naturally wanted the said friends to come through. Therefore, since Miss Wethered and Mr. Darwin did come through, and since the weather was perfect, and the course in ideal order, and everything run without a hitch, thanks to the arrangements of Major Hine and his committee, it really seems superfluous to tell you that everybody enjoyed Worplesdon and that it was a particularly delightful week. I do not like painting the lily.

You cannot get away from it; there is a fascination about watching Miss Wethered play that nobody can deny, and which, quite apart from her own personal popularity, makes everybody want her to keep in the tournament. Whatever resolves you make about watching another couple in the morning and perhaps dropping back to Miss Wethered just before lunch, not many holes are over before you find the dropping back process has already begun. The most thrilling fortunes of others leave you unmoved; it is the match with her in it which simply must be followed.

THE morning, which was last before the final, was comparatively peaceful. It might not have been; Miss Regnart and Commander Johnston had chased Miss Wethered and Mr. Raymond Oppenheimer well and truly in the final last year, and so were expected to do it again, with the newly-joined pair, especially as Miss Regnart had been playing extremely well up to that point. For the first nine holes even that morning, there was nothing very much amiss. But men, at all events, have a theory that no other lady can play her best against Miss Wethered for more than nine holes, because her flawlessness produces acute despair in them. So it was that time. One down at the eighth, Miss Wethered's side soon won six holes quickly, all in a row, for the match, 5 and 4. That was that, with a vengeance. In the afternoon they were much more bravely held by Mrs. Collis-Browne and Mr. H. E. Taylor. Miss Wethered and Mr. Darwin could only beat them 3 and 2, so that Royal Mid-Surrey had every reason to be proud of their pair.

Miss Grace Amory (Deepdale, U.S.A.) and Miss Aline de Gunzbourg (St. Cloud) with Miss Mervyn Barton (Royal Mid-Surrey) and Miss Pamela Barton (West Middlesex), the Autumn Foursomes winners at Ranelagh

In the other semi-final, Mrs. Garon and Mr. Andrew McNair were putting paid, with a very sharp pencil, to Miss Enid Wilson and Major G. N. Martin's account, a crumple-up which was just about as unexpected as the subsequent failure of the conquerors to hold Miss Wethered and Mr. Darwin the next day in the thirty-six-holes' final.

Now about that final, I, unfortunately, cannot tell you very much at first hand. You see, the Barn Elms Scratch Challenge Trophy was being played for at Ranelagh, with some pretty distinguished company present, so off I hurried there for the morning, fully expecting to be back at Worplesdon long before the fight was over.

ANYWAY, things at Ranelagh were very exciting and pleasant as they always are there. Last year Miss Molly Gourlay broke record for this particular trophy by winning it with 69; this time Mrs. Granger Harrison's 68, which headed the list for so long, was not actually good enough to win, for eventually Miss Dorothy Pearson came in with the same total, and won the tie on the last six holes, their scores for the two halves being identical, 34 out and 34 home for both of them.

Mrs. Granger Harrison's was, in a sense, the more remarkable score, for she is a seven handicap, and there were some very brilliant moments, such as her holed iron for a two at the tenth, the Cedar Tree hole, and another two at the fifteenth. Miss Pearson had none of these aids. But she played very sound, strong golf, weathered a shaky moment in the middle of the round, and never faltered again. I always feel it is satisfactory when the reigning champion, be she Open or Close, upholds her prestige in these ways; one hates to see her fading out of the picture immediately after occupying the centre of it. Anyway, it was great going for both of them. Mrs. Clarke had 70, and that staunch pair of Irish Internationals, without whom no Ranelagh, at any time of the year would be complete, Mrs. King and Miss Janet Jackson, handed in 71 apiece. Mrs. King's was a wonderful effort, for she started with a horrible seven, and still was out in 35; Miss Jackson finished grandly, and only a little greed in the putt for a 69 turned it into a 71.

Miss Gwen Watts (Sheringham) and Miss V. Kerr (Sheringham), two more players who competed in "The Bystander's" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes held at Ranelagh

I had a notion that Mrs. or Miss Rieben might upset things, and so lingered on; actually, Miss Rieben did win the afternoon bogey, after tieing with each of the Misses Barton, but I was not there to see. Yet I only got back to Worplesdon as the tidings were shouted "Miss Wethered, 8 and 7," and in time to see the Duke of Sutherland hand over the Cup and prizes, and to hear Mr. Darwin make the most delightful and characteristic of speeches before running off to write an equally delightful and characteristic article for the *Times*. A great week.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

NOVEMBER, 1933

1st to 10th inclusive

1st Fox Hunting begins.
Racing. Worcester Meeting. Hawthorn Hill Steeplechases. Curragh Meeting.
Shows. Chrysanthemum Show, Bath. Silver Black Fox Show, Agricultural Hall.
Amateur Boxing. Police v. Imperial Services, Royal Albert Hall.
Rugby (Union). Kent v. Hampshire, Blackheath.

2nd **Racing.** Worcester Meeting. Hawthorn Hill Steeplechases. Curragh Meeting.
Shows. Root, Fruit and Grain Show, Cheltenham Spa. Chrysanthemum Show, Bath. Championship Dog Show, Crystal Palace. Western National Cage Birds Show, Bath. International Commercial Motor Show, Olympia.
Amateur Boxing. Charity Match, East Ham, London.

3rd **Racing.** Thirsk Meeting.

4th **Racing.** Hurst Park and Thirsk Meetings.
Hockey. Aldershot Command v. Reading. Blackheath v. Old Kingstonians. Lancs v. Westmorland.
Rugby (Northern). Swinton v. Australia, Swinton.
Rugby (Union). Upper Clapton v. Westminster Bank. Burton v. Middlesex Hospital. Bristol v. Harlequins. Welsh Trial Match, Llanelly.
Assoc. Football. Ireland v. Wales, Ireland. Arsenal v. Portsmouth. Everton v. Huddersfield.
Motor Cycling. International Centre Team Trial, A.C.U. Reliability Trial, Birmingham.
Greyhound Racing. "Daily Mirror" Trophy. Flat Final, Harringay Park.
Golf. Stoke Poges v. Oxford University.

6th **Racing.** Lincoln Meeting. Wolverhampton Stplchses.
Amateur Boxing. Caius B.C., Nine Elms Baths, London.
Shows. International Comm. Motor Exhibition, Olympia.

7th **Racing.** Lincoln Meeting. Wolverhampton Stplchses.
Amateur Boxing. Printing & Allied Trades B.C., Stadium Club, London. St. Pancras Boxing Club, Kentish Town.

8th **Racing.** Liverpool Meeting. Chelmsford Steeplechases.
Rugby (Union). Surrey v. Middlesex.
Hockey. Aldershot Command v. Old Marlburians.
Amateur Boxing. Fairfield B.C., Forest Hill Baths, Lond.

9th **Racing.** Liverpool Meeting Grand Sefton Steeplechases.
Shows. National Chrysanth. Society, Royal Hortic'l. Hall.
Amateur Boxing. West Ham Athletic B.C. (Charity), Public Hall, Canning Town, London.

10th **Racing.** Liverpool & Windsor Meetings.
Shows. National Chrysanth. Society, Royal Hortic'l. Hall.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

G. A. McLean (Merton), on the left, winning the first heat in the 220-yards flat race at the Oxford University Athletic Open Handicaps at the Iffley Track

Jean Borotra, Betty Nuthall, Mrs. Wheatcroft, and I. H. Wheatcroft, who met in the semi-final of the Mixed in the Covered Court Championships at Queen's. The former won

BEHIND all this fuss in the professional boxing world over the constitution of the British Boxing Board of Control is to be discovered one particular bone of contention. This is the right of the Stewards to appoint the Secretary. If this issue could be settled, the rest of the bother would blow over very quickly; in the meanwhile, things don't look too good.

I'm glad the Stewards took such a firm line when they said officially that the annual meeting proposals are "incompatible with their responsibilities and obligations to the public and to their licensed members."

What they said privately beneath Lord Lonsdale's sheltering roof is another matter altogether, but the gist of their remarks, if less dignified, was even more to the point. The Stewards are determined that the financial element in professional boxing must be kept in check, and in that determination they have the support of all men of good will. We are sick and tired of the blah and ballyhoo which surrounds the game, of the fake shows which waste our money, of the impossibility of knowing whether a fight is on the level or not.

Boxing is at the turning of the ways. Either the Stewards will carry the day, and give us the feeling that at least there is some control, some directing influence independent of profit-making bias, or they will be forced to resign, and then the big, bad wolf will appear with a vengeance, and professional boxing will entirely cease to interest the ordinary man in the street.

I think, myself, that the Stewards will be forced to resign, much though I regret this pessimism. Obviously they cannot yield an inch, but the feeling in certain quarters against their autocratic claim is exceedingly bitter. And if they do resign, I think professional boxing in this country will dwindle to nothing, so let the big shots among the promoters beware. The promoters, incidentally, are already feeling the draught.

Things have come to a pretty pass when our heavy-weight champion decides that it is not worth his while to fight during the winter months. It is a pity that Jack Petersen should set so high a value on his services—rather short-sighted of him, it seems to me. I dare say that if he sticks to his guns he may be offered a fat purse for an open-air show in the summer, but in the meanwhile it will do him no good at all to be inactive. Even champions must fight, and fight often, if they are to retain their skill and their speed, and to lie fallow, as Petersen proposes to do, is to take the first step towards the downward slide.

IN the meanwhile, what about the new heavy-weight star, young Ben Foord, the South African who gave poor old Tommy Tucker such a trouncing last week? I saw Foord beat Charlie Smith, but I must admit that I was not tremendously impressed. Mind you, Smith knows his stuff, and he's an awkward customer for any inexperienced youngster. For all that, Foord did not strike me as being so very much out of the ordinary run. Still, he certainly upset Tommy Tucker, and although Tucker is no great shakes, he is at least tough, willing, and he knows all the tricks of his trade. Do you remember how he put an end to the aspirations of poor Charlie Hickman, the lad from the boxing-booth?

But there—I hope I'm wrong about Foord. He is the type of heavy-weight we need—fast, clean, intelligent—and we're mighty hard up for really promising boys, now that Doyle has faded away. That's one of Petersen's troubles, of course: there are no newcomers to challenge him, and we're tired of the Cook, McCorkindale, Gains circus. By the time you read this Foord

(*Continued on page 240*)

R. C. Sherriff, author of "Journey's End," coaching one of the crew of Coxwainless Fours at Oxford

Alike as Raindrops on a Window-pane

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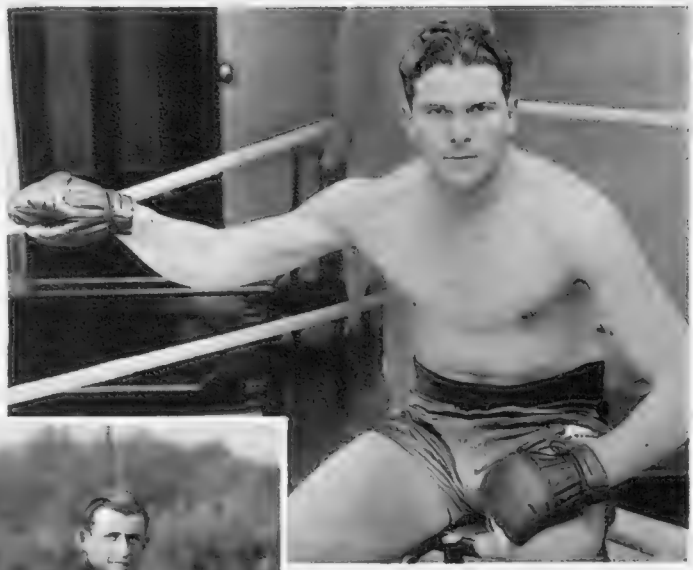
Sport with the Lid Off

Continued from page 238

will have tried conclusions with the bullet-headed Hans Schonrath, a pretty fair test for him. If he has beaten Schonrath decisively, I 'll eat my words, and proclaim him a White Hope.

One thing is certain, though: we 've no one within measurable distance of challenging Carnera, who is, in my opinion, unbeatable at present. Jack Dempsey would have thrashed him, I dare say, but we have no Dempseys now, and Carnera is in a class by himself. There were horrible stories from Rome of the crowd howling for a knock-out when Carnera beat Paolino: that 's the kind of thing which makes me think that it would almost be as well if boxing in this country did go into a decline. I don't deny that a knock-out is exciting, but it is only an incidental part of boxing. The trouble is that the science of boxing has been forgotten: all we seem to care about nowadays is downright fighting, and if it is merely a matter of satisfying a blood-lust, we 'd better go back to the days of the gladiators and have done with it.



Above: Ben Foord, the South African boxer who lately met Tommy Tucker with disastrous results to Tommy. He met Hans Schonrath, the German, at the Albert Hall last Monday

Lord John Hope (Christchurch) and L. Maxwell Hyslop (New College) practising for the inter-collegiate sports on the Oxford University running-ground at Iffley

THIS craze for the spectacular is lamentable. I 've seen it suggested that the Rugby Union should institute a knock-out competition among the clubs simply to capture public interest. When will the people who make suggestions of this kind begin to realise that Rugby football is still a game for the players, with spectators as an entirely secondary consideration? And I 've been asked several times lately whether the Rugby Union authorities are really worried by the activities of the Rugby League, particularly in France.

The Rugby Union don't care a row of pins about the activities of the Rugby League, in France or anywhere else. Personally, I 'm glad to see that London Highfield, the Rugby League Club at the White City, are prospering. I 've always thought they would get away with it, and good luck to them. But they don't give the Rugby Union cause for worry; as a matter of fact, I think the Twickenham authorities would be rather relieved if France went over to the professional game.

The truth about these rumours that France will be received back into the fold is that Ireland and Scotland definitely do not want to renew fixtures. They don't like the long journey to Paris, for one thing, and they 're quite content with their own affairs. England and Wales have no objection to playing France again, if the French authorities really have cleaned the game up, but the upshot of it all is that there 's no immediate likelihood whatever of a renewal of relations with France. I dare say Mr. C. F. Rutherford, France's secretary and envoy extraordinary, will continue to make representations to the International Board, but the Board will smile politely, and promise to lay his evidence before their Committees, and that will most definitely be that.

An attractive woollen coat and skirt of dark red and putty-colour check is piped with the red and has square, padded-out shoulders. On the right is a costume carried out in grey wool, with self-coloured stripes. The coat is three-quarter length and has wide revers of black velvet. Both these ensembles are Stefney models, whose name, we much regret to state, was incorrectly spelt when last mentioned in these pages

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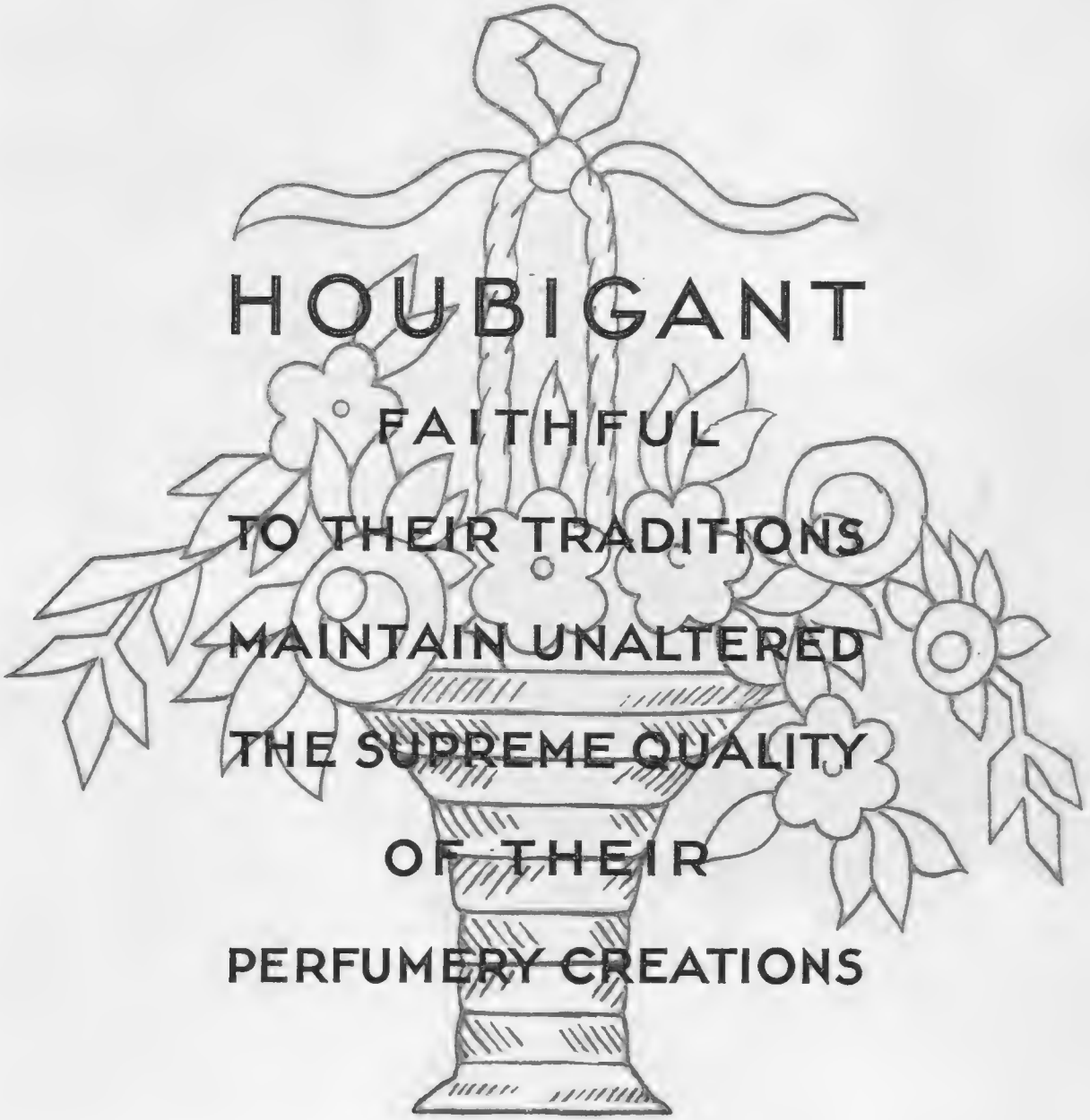

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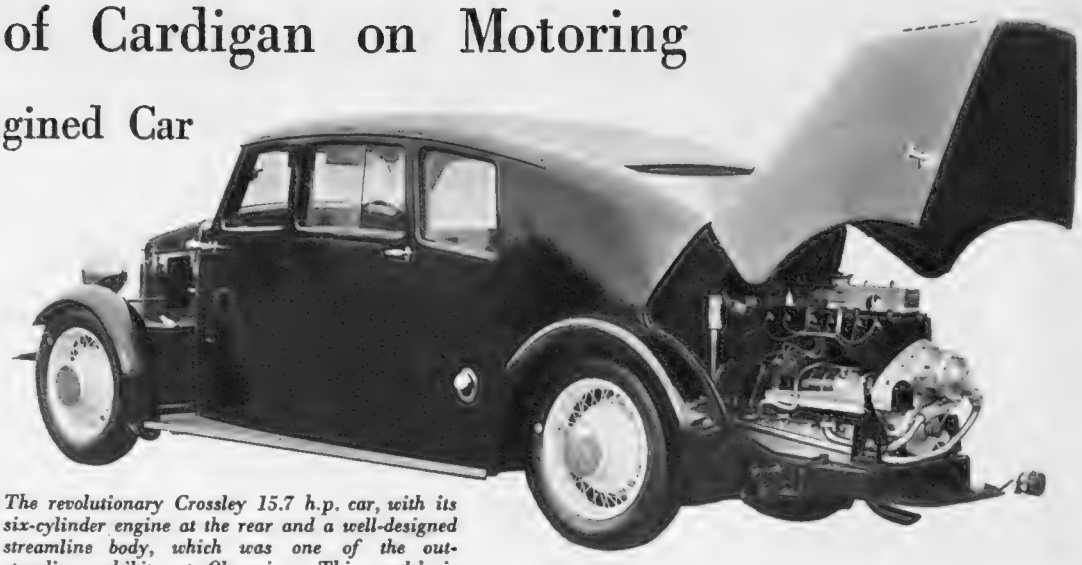
The Earl of Cardigan on Motoring

The Rear-Engined Car



The revolutionary Crossley 15.7 h.p. car, with its six-cylinder engine at the rear and a well-designed streamline body, which was one of the outstanding exhibits at Olympia. This model is discussed by the Earl of Cardigan on this page

Now that the Motor Show is over and "the tumult and the shouting" may be said to have died, one has leisure to think over some of the interesting things of which one caught but a flurried glimpse in the hurly-burly of Olympia. Among my own recollections, a leading place, curiously enough, is held by a car which, one must regretfully suppose, enjoyed no huge sale and promoted no great flood of orders—a car which must have gained for its makers infinitely more kudos than cash.

I refer to the rear-engined car which was to be seen, in company with several others of more orthodox design, on the Crossley stand. What, I wonder, is the reaction of the average motorist towards a vehicle of this sort? Does its sound construction attract him; does its strange appearance repel him; or do its possibilities merely arouse his detached and speculative interest?

My own feeling is, first and foremost, that the placing of the engine in rear is theoretically correct. I cannot doubt that, if one intends to drive the back wheels of any vehicle, the proper position for the engine is as near to those wheels as possible. It cannot be logical to place the engine, as is normally done, at the extreme far end of the chassis and to employ a long line of transmission shafting to transfer the power from its source to the distant driving-wheels.

Similarly, I cannot doubt that the proper place for the passengers to sit in any properly constructed vehicle is somewhere within the wheelbase, *i.e.*, in between the two axles. This must be correct as regards weight distribution, and it is also desirable if good springing is required. Undoubtedly, the two least comfortable positions in any car are (*a*) above the front axle, and (*b*) above the rear axle. Not only, in the orthodox car, do passengers sit in the latter position, it is very often to the supposedly most favoured passengers that this ill-chosen place is allotted.

In other words, the typical "luxury" car of to-day is constructed with a total lack of logic. The chauffeur has the best position in it, comfortably in the centre. A large mass of machinery has the next best position, being just behind the front axle. The owner and his wife are, by comparison, scurvily treated—being placed either over the rear axle or actually beyond it, and outside the wheelbase altogether!

Finally, it seems clear that the average car is, and necessarily must be, very poorly streamlined. It is probable that most cars, so far as wind-resistance is concerned, could be made to go rather faster when travelling in reverse!

It may be asked, if this is so, why the rear-engined car has not yet become popular, and why the Crossley Company is not on its way to making a vast fortune out of its new model? The answer, as I see it, is twofold. In the first place, there is, and always has been, a strong prejudice in favour of the long, forward bonnet. The idea is, I suppose, when one gets down to bed-rock, that a mass of machinery in front of the driver is a protection to him and his passengers in the event of a crash.

Whether or not this is necessarily the case I should not like to say. The fact remains that a long bonnet is preferred, and, in fact, largely insisted on. As a former designer of an unorthodox car once sadly remarked to me: "It can be proved that a direct relationship exists between the bonnet-length of any given car and the price which the manufacturer may safely ask for it." This was, perhaps, a sweeping statement, but it was based on a bitter experience.

The second drawback to the rear-engined car is that its "lines" are not usually pleasing to the uninstructed eye. I have been trying to analyse the reason for this. To a large extent, of course, it is simply due to the unfamiliarity of the whole lay-out. The average man sees a car which looks unusual, and decides vaguely that it must be "ugly."

In sober fact, is a rear-engined car an ugly vehicle? I am sure that it need not be. In so far as it can be made of better streamline shape than the normal car, I suggest that it ought actually to be more pleasing to the æsthetic sense. In other words, the best rear-engined car *should* be better-looking than the best normally constructed car.

None the less, I will confess that I myself have never been completely satisfied, as regards appearance, with any of the several rear-engined cars which I have studied. The reason, I think, is that the design of such cars is hardly ever sufficiently full-blooded. There always seems to be a hankering after some vestige of the traditional shape, usually in the form of a modified and abbreviated "bonnet."

I may be wrong, but I feel that a car either should have a bonnet, or else it should not. I do not much care for the middle course. If I were designing a rear-engined car, I should give it very much the front profile of a Tube train. I should avoid building on a small and unimpressive front projection. My slogan would be "totus porcus." I should go "the whole hog."

I quite appreciate that, to carry out this motif, it would be necessary to design a special form of steering gear. Also, there might be difficulty in providing a flush-fitting type of radiator. No such problem, however, should prove more than a temporary obstacle to the resourceful designer.

In any event, the new Crossley is interesting. It brings to the fore many questions which deserve to be ventilated, and it represents an honest and capable attempt to lead the way in new and logical design. Every student of motoring development should, at the least, wish it luck.

A picture demonstrating the rapid strides made in road transport. The coach, now the property of Bertram Mills, was in daily use on the London-to-Brighton service fifty years ago. The three-wheeler is a 1903 Riley carrying a passenger in front of the driver, and the car on the right is one of its streamline descendants

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The Doggy World

Are We Fair to the Dog? By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE has been an interesting controversy in the *Countryman* on the subject of "Are We Fair to the Dog?" and the general opinion seems to be that the answer is in the negative. The various writers cite the example of the bulldog, where, owing to the distorted formation of the head, as many as three bull-bitches out of five die while whelping; the bulging eyes of the Pekinese, which so frequently get injured; and, one might add, the crooked forelegs of the dachshund. These are all physical defects, but the writers go on to add that we are also to blame for loss of intelligence. We have bred pointers to such a degree that they have become no better than "pointing imbeciles," and the Alsatian people are on the way to turning one of the most intelligent dogs in the world into a nervous wreck which does not dare move from its master's side, and which is constantly expecting to be told to sit or to lie down, or to jump or to do anything but enjoy itself.

THE ordinary shepherd's collie is about the only really intelligent dog left in this country, although the "lead" dogs of the Arctic are just as clever and reliable in a different way. I say the ordinary working collie advisedly, because I have been told by many shepherds that the celebrated trial dogs would be of no use on the hill, where, most of the time, the shepherd is out of sight and the dog has to think for itself. These sheep trials are fascinating to watch and, no doubt, unlike the work of the Alsatian, do the breed no harm, but when anything becomes too highly specialised it is apt to mean that the rest of the intelligence is not equally developed.

Mrs. Leslie Thornton with four of her Southdown Alsatians, Helga, Hettel, Tweedledee, and Audrey. She showed all four dogs at the Alsatian Club's Show at Tattersall's a fortnight ago

IT is certainly a moot point whether we are fair to our dogs. We have taken them out of their natural surroundings and they have attached themselves to us, body and soul. We have responded by exploiting them for our own selfish ends. How often does the owner of a large dog, who lives in a town, stop to ask whether it is fair on the dog to keep it in these surroundings? How can an animal which needs several miles' running exercise a day feel fit and well when it gets a little gambol (at most) once a day in the park? Does that owner ever stop to think that, if he did his duty by the dog, he would make a sacrifice of at least an hour a day to exercising the dog, and that if he is not prepared to make that sacrifice he has no sort of moral right to keep it?

While the ordinary one-day dog show is no hardship to any well dog, I consider that, to leave your dog alone all night at one of the two-day shows is perilously near cruelty. It is true that they are warm and dry and fed, but who knows what mental anguish they go through, and whether they sleep at all? I have seen too many dogs next day with half-closed, bloodshot eyes, dry noses, and staring coats to believe that they are anything but miserable. As for the owners who spend the day far from the bench, never troubling to give the dog five minutes' run, well, I know what I should like to do to them, and it does not bear putting into print.

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The Editor's Box

A New Kind of Tooth-Brush

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In Honour of Guy Fawkes

Another sign of better times is that C. T. Brock and Co., the firework "kings," are prophesying that more gerbs, bangers, rockets, squibs, crackers, whizz-bangs, and the rest, will be let off this Fifth of November than ever before. Messrs. Brock are moving from Sutton to a brand-new factory at Hemel Hempstead, the largest and best equipped in the world, and including a model village of fifty-three houses. In anticipation of removal difficulties they built up, during the year, the largest stock of fireworks they have ever held; but, in spite of this, they are getting nervous that they 'll be completely cleared out by Saturday. They have in their 1933 list some "special novelties," which look like being favourites for the year, and as the price of these "pieces" are lower than ever before, it is not surprising. British-made Sparklers have completely outstripped their foreign competitors; Hummers can now be bought for 4d. and 6d.; Magic Fountains and Harlequins, Windmills and Tridents, Guy Fawkes Mines, Guy Barrels, and Empire Radio Signals are some of the soul-stirring names on the list which belong to fireworks that cost under a shilling. C. T. Brock and Co., Ltd., Sutton, Surrey, is the address to which to write for the complete list of fireworks, great and small.

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* The Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month*

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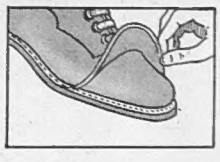

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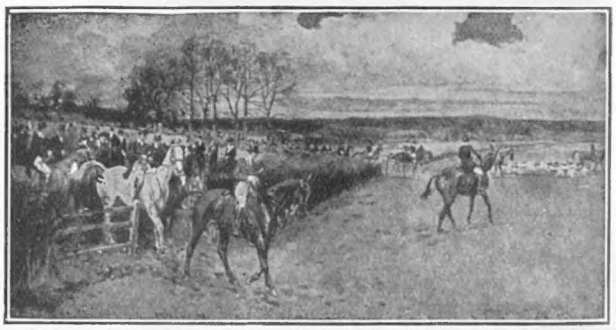

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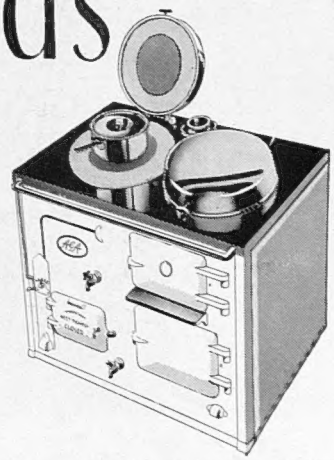

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A GUN DOG IN THE MAKING . . .

Commencing with to-day's issue, the SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS shows in photography HOW to train a dog to the gun, by Commander Douglas Lang, R.N. The feature will be completed in three weekly instalments. The first instalment . . .

1. THE FIRST LESSON, and a very important one.
2. THE PUP ON A LEAD. A first lesson in walking to heel.
3. WITHOUT A LEAD — the second lesson in walking to heel.
4. PERSIST IN THESE LESSONS . . .
5. OVER THE STILE. At a fence or gate, dogs last, please, not in front of the guns . . .
6. TO BE FALLEN OVER . . .
7. FIRST LESSON IN DROPPING.
8. THE NEXT STAGE is to retreat away from him with your hand raised . . .
9. GO BACK and pat and reward him.
10. THE THIRD STAGE. Increase your retreating distance by degrees . . .
11. DROPPING TO SHOT, very necessary when walking up game.
12. DISCIPLINE at meal times.
13. THE FINAL TEST.

These too, in this week's issue

POLICE AFTER FRED ARCHER, "100 to 1 on the Bobby," at Shrewsbury in 1880
RACING NOTES: by Rapier
"MOONLIT": a sporting story from a Yorkshire moor
THE SUBTLE ART OF PIGEON SHOOTING . . . more pictures
NEW PERSONALITIES in the Walker Cup Match
An analysis of Miss Wethered's drive
Ranelagh Sailing Club pictures
NEWMARKET FINALE: Double page picture in full colour by Lionel Edwards, R.I.
ARRIVAL IN THE SOUTH: Rugby League notes by A. L. Purves
Rugby Union Personalities: by F. J. Sellicks
WHAT IS THE CURSE OF CRICKET?
SPORTING MODES OF THE MOMENT: by Lorna Cameron
DOGS OF THE DAY
FROM COCKTAILS TO PORT: by The Shaker

AND A SKATER . . .

The skating season is now upon us and the faithful regular, keen as ever, is hard at it. The mystic word "test" is whispered in awe around the rinks. Broods of trembling beginners stand shyly on the brink. What to do? How to begin those first few days of inevitable tumbles and how to avoid the worst of them are the questions demanding reply.

Well, first of all you must be properly equipped. To try to skate in cheap or borrowed boots and skates is a sheer waste of valuable time. Father's old shooting boots stuffed with ski socks are useless. Get a good outfit, it will last you for years.

Once on the ice, gripping the barrier in a frenzy, then what? First of all, don't try to use the heel-and-toe movement of walking. That is fatal. You must try to roll the weight of your body from the hips, cultivate a kind of nigger slink, keeping the hips well under you, rather like a man carrying a weight in each hand, with bent knees and flat feet.

Many people go wrong at first in trying to reverse the natural shoulder swing of walking. When you walk you swing the opposite arm and shoulder forward to the leg upon which you are putting your weight. Now when you can skate a little you begin to learn the contrary to this, but at the very first, try to be as natural as possible and stick to the swing you have had since babyhood. Speed skaters keep it all their lives and it remains an important part of their technique to the end. You have plenty to think about without adding a change of so fundamental a character to your efforts.

Naturally you will have someone to help you in your first essays . . . *Two pages full of entertaining, but very instructive suggestions, by T. D. RICHARDSON, Author of "Modern Figure Skating." Get the SPORTING & DRAMATIC . . . and SKATE!*

In This Week's ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC News

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